

VOTES FOR WOMEN

EDITED BY FREDERICK AND EMMELINE PETHICK LAWRENCE

VOL. VII. (New Series), No. 300.

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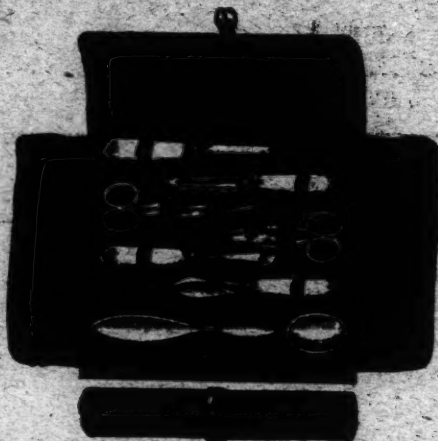
I WILL NOT CEASE FROM MENTAL FIGHT,
NOR SHALL MY SWORD SLEEP IN MY HAND,
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William Blake.

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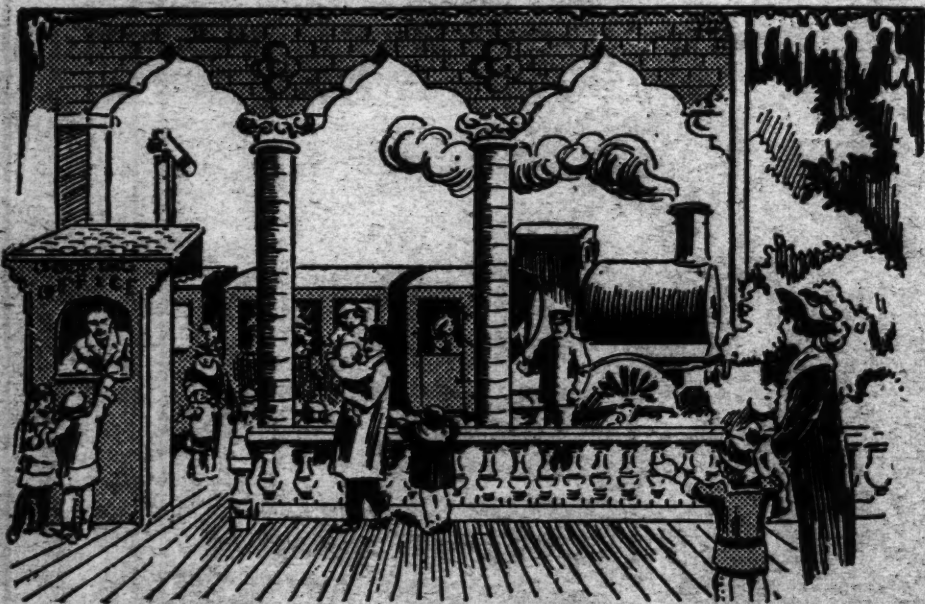
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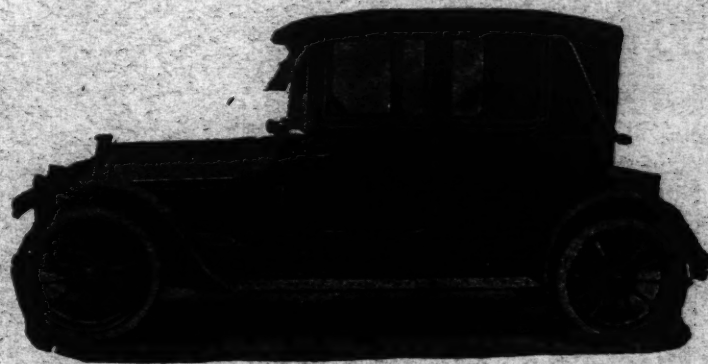
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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Our Frontispiece. By Ethel	137	The Sheep that Defied the	147
F. Everett	138	Dog. By Emmeline	147
The Outlook	139	Pethick Lawrence	147
A Vision of the Future	140	People Who Matter—And	147
The Political Situation of	140	Some Who Don't. By	147
1913. By Laurence Hous-	141	Mary Neal	147
man. Illustrated by H. C.	141	The Baby and the Fire God.	148
Appleton	141	By Evelyn Sharp. Illus-	148
The Cabinet Concert. By	142	trated by K. E. Olver	148
Henry W. Nevins	142	Dogs, Cats, and Licences.	149
Actresses and the Vote. By	142	By T. O'Meara	149
Israel Zangwill	142	The Sword: Poem. By	150
The White Cross. By G.	143	Irene M'Leod	150
Colmore	143	Liberals Uneasy	150
Votes for Women Fellow-	143	Government Methods	151
ship	143	Comparison of Punishments	152
Drama and Books	144	The People's Food	153
"Women Can't Fight"	145	The Revolutionary Move-	154
By H. W. N.	145	ment	154
The Vote in 1914	146	General News	155

DEDICATION

To the brave women who to-day are fighting for freedom: to the noble women who all down the ages kept the flag flying and looked forward to this day without seeing it: to all women all over the world, of whatever race, or creed, or calling, whether they be with us or against us in this fight, we dedicate this paper.

THE OUTLOOK

We have pleasure in presenting to our readers, in honour of our 300th issue, a special Christmas double number, with its cover in the colours of the VOTES FOR WOMEN Fellowship—purple, white, and red.

About Ourselves

VOTES FOR WOMEN claims the honour of being not only the oldest of all the existing suffrage papers in this country, but the only one which represents all sections of the movement. It is read in every part of the civilised world, from the enfranchised States of America, where women have complete political equality with men, to those backward countries where women are still shut up within the confines of the harem, and are forbidden to take the smallest part in the public life of the country. Wherever it goes it fires the blood and quickens the imagination of women by telling them the story of the great fight for freedom carried on by their sisters in this country. It gives to them a new sense of their own dignity, a new appreciation of the value of their womanhood, a new understanding of the common humanity of the race.

Special Features

Our Christmas number, which constitutes a new departure in suffrage journalism, contains many features which will be of special interest to our readers. Miss Honor Appleton contributes some delightful illustrations to Mr. Laurence Housman's witty verses on the political situation. Mr. Nevins sends us a humorous skit on the members of the Cabinet. The special frontispiece is the design of Miss Ethel Everett. A conversation between a baby and a bulldog forms the subject of a sketch by Miss Evelyn Sharp, illustrated by Miss Kate Olver. Mr. Israel Zangwill writes on "Actresses and the Vote." A striking poem is from the pen of Miss Irene M'Leod. The cover is decorated by our old friend "A Patriot." G. Colmore and Miss Mary Neal contribute characteristic stories, while the editors have written on the political outlook.

In the Liberal Party

The situation in the Liberal Party with regard to woman suffrage is becoming more and more serious. An overwhelming majority are favourable to the enfranchisement of women, and are anxious that the stigma of opposing it shall be removed from the party. An active minority, on the other hand, are at work with the connivance, if not with the support, of the Prime Minister, pulling wires to prevent woman suffrage from being carried into law.

"Eighteen to Three in the Second Eleven"

We have had fresh evidence recently of both these facts. Speaking at a meeting of young Liberals at Farnworth on November 26, Mr F. D. Acland, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said that from his experience at Liberal meetings he knew that there was a growing determination that woman suffrage on a democratic basis must be an essential part of

the Liberalism of the future; he added that he believed that if great Liberal leaders would lead on this subject as on others, there would be a tremendous response from the country. On the following evening, speaking to the Tottenham and Wood Green Women's Liberal Association, Mr Acland informed his audience that in the "second eleven" (by which he meant those members of the Government who were not in the Cabinet) there was a majority in favour of the suffrage of eighteen to three.

Circular by Anti-Suffragist Cabinet Ministers

The deliberate plot of anti-suffragists in the party is attested by two ominous circumstances to which the *Manchester Guardian* draws attention. The first of these is the rejection of Sir Victor Horsley at Market Harborough, which it is believed, it says, "was to some extent the result of a circular of the anti-suffragist members of the Cabinet." "Many strong suffragist Liberals," the *Manchester Guardian* proceeds, "have rendered considerable services to the Government in the Eighty Club, work, disestablishment, and other matters, and they feel that if the tactics at Market Harborough are continued they will be supporting, not a neutral, but an anti-suffrage Government."

North Islington Liberalism

The second circumstance referred to by the same paper is the adoption of Mr. Costello as the Liberal candidate for North Islington, a man so strongly anti-suffrage in his opinions, that he refuses even to discuss the question. It is believed that the Liberal agents in the constituency are counting on making up Liberal abstentions at the election by anti-suffrage Tory votes, Mr. Touche, the Unionist member for the constituency, being a suffragist. It is noteworthy that Mr. Lloyd George chose Mr. Costello to be his chairman at his latest land reform speech, thus throwing his aegis over this violent opponent of woman suffrage.

Neutrality in Action Impossible

These facts bring out clearly the contention, which we have put forward over and over again in this paper, that the pro-suffrage majority in the Liberal Party are allowing themselves to be led by the nose by the anti-suffrage minority. It is easy to talk about neutrality, but in matters of action there is no such thing as neutrality, there is only *doing* or *leaving undone*. If a hungry man was standing outside a house where a dinner party was going on, and asked for food and was refused, it would be no consolation to him to be told that a large majority of the diners would have liked to have sent him out food, but refrained from doing so out of consideration for the others. Equally, it is no consolation to suffragists to be told that there is a majority in the Liberal Party anxious to enfranchise women, so long as nothing is done to give effect to this wish.

Mr. Acland's Position

Mr. Acland indeed seems to have had some glimmering of this point of view himself, for we notice that in the earlier of his two speeches he went so far as to say that he would be unable permanently to adhere to a Liberalism which refuses to treat women as citizens. But we notice that he was careful to say at the same time that nothing could be done for women during the lifetime of the present Parliament, so that for all immediate practical purposes Mr. Acland is precisely in the same position as all the other members of the Government who acquiesce in doing nothing.

All Liberal Politicians Must be Opposed

The fact is that no real progress will be made until it is brought home to every member of the Government, and, indeed, to every member of the Liberal Party, that they cannot run with the hare and hunt with the hounds in this matter of woman suffrage. So long as the Government refuse to enfranchise women they are an anti-suffrage Government, and every member of the Government and of the party are rightly classed as anti-suffragist by their actions. It is therefore the duty of every elector who puts woman suffrage first to vote against them at the polls, and it is the duty of every self-respecting woman to endeavour to secure their defeat.

Suffrage First

The "Suffrage First" Committee report that very great interest is being taken in their proposals, and that large numbers of letters are reaching the hon. secretary daily from electors pledging themselves to make the question of woman suffrage the supreme issue at the next election in their constituency. We hope that our readers will take every opportunity of pressing forward this organisation, and of inducing electors to sign the pledge card, as this is the most

effective method of bringing political pressure to bear on the Government. Pledge cards and all particulars can be obtained from the hon. secretary at the offices of this paper.

More Women Liberals on Strike

We have great pleasure in recording the fact that another local body of women Liberals has gone on strike. The Ely Women's Liberal Association has carried, by a two-thirds majority, a resolution moved by its president, Miss Julia Kennedy, deciding, in consequence of the unfair treatment of the suffrage question by the Government, to withdraw officially from all party work until a measure for the enfranchisement of women is either carried or placed on the Liberal programme. We hope that many members of the Association will individually go further and work against the Government, and so help forward the day when the Liberal Party is brought to its senses in this matter.

The Mystery of Mr. Bethell

Grave doubts have been cast by the police and the Press upon the statements published in the columns of this paper recently (on apparently thoroughly reliable information), that severe injuries were inflicted upon Mr. William Edward Bethell at a Liberal meeting in Camberwell, and that he subsequently died as a result of his ill treatment. On learning of these doubts we at once instituted a searching inquiry into the facts, but the statements of the various persons concerned prove to be so conflicting that we have not, at the time of going to press, succeeded in unravelling the mystery. We ask our readers therefore to suspend judgment until our next issue.

Constant Brutality

In the meanwhile we draw their attention to the fact that brutality of a highly dangerous character is constantly employed against men and women interrupters by Liberal stewards. At Limehouse, on November 27, where Mr. Churchill and Mr. Masterman were speaking, our correspondent informs us that one woman, Mrs. Watkins, was given a black eye and a blow under the jaw, a young man named Schnack had his face distorted and covered with blood, another woman was pummelled in the face while being held by stewards, and was carried in a stunned condition to a neighbouring doctor. Our correspondent's account is borne out by the independent testimony of a working man, and also, so far as Mrs. Watkins is concerned, by a medical certificate from Dr. Elizabeth Wilks.

Forcible Feeding

An important public meeting is being held in the Queen's Hall on Friday evening, December 5, to protest against forcible feeding. The Bishop of Kensington takes the chair, and the speakers include the Rev. Lewis Donaldson, Canon Simpson, Archdeacon Escreet, the Rev. P. A. Lacey, Sir Victor Horsley, and Mr. Mansell Moullin. The Bishops of Hereford, Oxford, Lincoln, Guildford, Leicester, and Glasgow have all sent messages supporting the purpose of the meeting. Meanwhile there is no news of the release of Miss Rachel Peace, and therefore presumably she is still being fed by force in Holloway. We learn from Germany that England's bad example is being copied in Berlin, and that forcible feeding is to be adopted in the case of a man who has been on hunger strike as a protest against the refusal to allow him a fresh trial.

Policewomen

The necessity of employing policewomen as well as policemen has long been borne in upon most suffragists; and it is interesting to note that the question has been directly raised at the Watch Committee at Cambridge by Lady Darwin and Miss Constance Tite, though, for the present, the Committee have decided against the proposal. Policewomen have proved highly valuable in protecting women and children in the suffrage states in America, as well as in Norway and Sweden. It is not likely, however, that they will be instituted in this country until women have, by securing the parliamentary vote, obtained recognition of their equality of status with men.

Items of Interest

Owing to a large number of requests it has been decided to reprint the "Open letter to the Bishop of London, from Mrs. Pethick Lawrence," appearing in our issue of November 21, in the form of a leaflet. Particulars are given on page 155.

Readers who are not regular subscribers to the paper are invited to fill in the form on page 153, or to order the paper to be sent to them each week from their newsagent.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE

Leading Men and Women on what the Woman's Vote will effect

The following important pronouncements have been sent to us in reply to the question:—

"What, in your opinion, would be the most significant change likely to be brought about in the political, social, and intellectual world by the enfranchisement of women on equal terms with men?"

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY

I think that the enfranchisement of women is likely to have the following results:—

1. To improve the general relations between men and women.
2. To better the social and economic prospects of the most oppressed classes of working women.
3. To help forward the Temperance Movement.
4. Probably, after the first shock is over, to steady and make more conscientious the political judgments of the ordinary voter.

Gilbert Murray.

MISS BRADDON (MRS. M. E. MAXWELL)

I have been too busy of late years to go deeply into any political question, but I naturally consider that from the moment the franchise was widened sufficiently to admit all sorts and conditions of men, it was high time that women should have an equal vote. As to the effect that their influence would have, I think it could but work for good, and in the cause of law and order.

M. E. Maxwell.

VISCOUNT DILLON

These are my opinions:—

Politically.—Women being by nature more conservative than men, it would arrest or stop the downward progress of political immorality.

Socially.—It would improve conditions as causing a greater respect for purity and a high standard of domestic morality.

Intellectually.—It would encourage those women who have already attained high positions in the scientific world, no less than those who are striving to gain the place due to their intelligence, which has been so liberally distributed by Providence among their sex, as amongst men.

Dillon.

MISS LILLIAN MCCARTHY

I think that if women were enfranchised on equal terms with men, there would be an element of greater liberation of the spirit of things, in political, social, and intellectual matters. Because women would have obtained their equality with men, which would enable their dissimilarity to temper the male personal ambition, and individualist aspirations.

Lillian McCarthy.

MR. ST. JOHN G. ERVINE

I do not know. There may not be any immediate change or one that can be described; there may be one so drastic that we men will be left breathless. I believe that the mass of women are like the mass of men, having the same silliness and the same sense, and that the enfranchisement of women will not make much difference to the general level of things. The value of the vote does not lie in what women will do with it, but in the fact that women are allowed

to use it. I received a sense of my own importance on the day on which I was first allowed to vote. My exercise of the franchise did not make any difference to anyone. The man for whom I voted did not do the things I wanted him to do, and he did do some things that I strongly objected to his doing, but that sense of my own importance has not left me, and I think it was worth while obtaining it. It is very needful that women should have that sense, too. If you ask me what will be the most amusing result of women's enfranchisement, I shall answer: The antics of the politicians in their efforts to adjust themselves to the new electorate. They are a queer race, politicians, aren't they? Still, they, too, are God's creatures!

St. John G. Ervine.

MISS ELLEN TERRY

Impossible for me to answer your questions. I scarcely know yet.

Ellen Terry.

MRS. JOPLING ROWE

In my opinion, the political, social, and intellectual world would decidedly benefit by the enfranchisement of women. The business that our Parliaments transact does not relate solely to men's affairs; the advice and the co-operation of women would be of great service to Members of Parliament.

Society is composed of both men and women. Its interests can best be served by the sexes working harmoniously together.

The widening of the intellectual outlook of women must be better for the future race, as women have more to do with the man-child at its most receptive age.

Louise Jopling Rowe.

THE EARL OF SELBORNE, K.G.

I do not think that any very significant change will be brought about by the enfranchisement of women. Any change that there is will, in my opinion, be for the better, but it will be very gradual and to most people scarcely perceptible.

Selborne.

MISS HORNIMAN

I believe that when women get the vote there will gradually be less fuss about what is "manly" and "womanly," and that, instead, a more balanced view will be taken in the "human" point of view—something which will be above sex without ignoring that question.

A. E. F. Horniman.

LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON

One cannot divine, shut up as I am from ill-health and scarcely able to read, how the vote would most significantly change the world were all women enfranchised on equal terms with men. In various countries the wants of women are different, but no doubt there would be a great substratum that would work out the same everywhere. Honour for women, welfare for children; cleanliness, healthiness, morality for men, women, and children. These are some of the chief aims of women, but what giant achievement they call up! The White Slave Traffic stopped, the horrors of syphilitic disease put an end to, the unprotected mothers defended by law, the prison, workhouse, and doss-house abolished or transformed past recognition, the sleeping houses

where women and families spend their life pulled down and replaced by healthy homes, the bars to education removed, the doors that are shut to women in nearly every walk of life thrown open. And through these changes there is a great light which shines from the dawning of a happier time—the greater freedom of the human race.

Constance Lytton.

A WORKING WOMAN

Immediate uprisal of our Political, Social and Intellectual Standard, owing to the new and feminine teachings to our coming generations which are and cannot be otherwise than foreign to the masculine gender, insomuch as there are matters of great national seriousness such as our men folk could not possibly probe, so must be left to the administrative powers of the feminine sex.

MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL

The most significant change in the political world will be the automatic disappearance of party Government. When the male element in humanity finds itself in constant and harmonious juxtaposition with the female element, it will cease to feel, as it does now, that necessity for criticism *outside itself* which lies at the bottom of party Government. The secret that Two are One and One is Two is the secret of the Universe. The natural "opposition" of man is woman.

In the social world, the disappearance of chivalry in favour of charity. Mutual forbearance is only possible in equal share to man and woman when they stand together on equal ground.

The intellectual world will benefit at once by the automatic division of intellectual work which must follow on a widening of intellectual qualities. The outlook of man and woman being essentially different, it stands to reason that the inclusion of a different element into public and private life, into politics, morals, and manners *must* be beneficial to humanity as a whole.

Flora Annie Steel.

A CHARWOMAN

Women would be better represented by their own sex who would understand best what they require. They would get better wages and would feel themselves of some importance rather than mere machines which we are in most cases compared to now.

E. Meredith.

LADY SYBIL SMITH

I believe that, in the political world, the enfranchisement of women would lead to the subordination of party considerations to principles.

That, in the social world, it would help to establish one standard of morals for both sexes (seeing that such legislation as the equalising of the Divorce Law, the raising of the Age of Consent, and the amendment of the Laws of Bastardy, legislation long demanded by women, could hardly fail to bend public opinion in this direction).

And that, in the intellectual world, it would result in an increase of high attainment (because the greater facilities for education and the wider opportunities for the exercise of ability likely to ensue would tend to disperse the deadening weight of suggestion that at present, in most cases, prevents women from developing their natural powers to the full).

Sybil Smith.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION OF 1913

By Laurence Housman

With Illustrations by Honor C. Appleton

(Suggested as a Preface to an unwritten Book of Essays)

Go, little book, and tell the birds
Not to rely upon the words
Of statesmen shouting through their hats
A tally-ho to jumping cats!
For if one reads between the lines
One sees how, when a statesman dines,
He can make game of all the birds
Simply by eating his own words.

We live, alas! in troubled times,
Where speeches become pantomimes,
And Liberal stewards behave abrupt
To Suffragettes who interrupt.
Beneath the heel of Mr. Burns
Reluctantly the long worm turns,
And with a loud, resounding crack,
The last straw breaks the donkey's back.

The shorn lamb, all its faith unpinned,
Now vents its temper on the wind,
And fights—as though some charm it
lacked—

The claims of the Insurance Act.
The slippery cup eludes the lip,
The rat now leaves the sinking ship;
The anchor, tumbling from its shelf,
Is given more rope to hang itself.

The Militants, with shock on shock,
Continue "putting back the clock"
(Against the politician's liking)
To the most proper point for striking.
And women who, with faith unmatched,
To party ties remained attached,
Will shortly, with awakening start,
Upset the Liberal apple-cart!

At "Cat and Mousing" from the dock,
McKenna has turned weathercock—
Now here, now there, plays fast and loose,
And spurns the gander for the goose.
His trap works well, the mice are "scotched,"
Miss E-t-n's house is being watched,
And pale detectives waste in air
Outside on Lilian Lenton fare.

Yet through it all, O little bird,
The still small voice of truth is heard;
Though many minds run in a groove,
The Bishops have begun to move!
And when a Bishop wags his wings
And tightens up his apron-strings
To say that torture must not be,
Torture will cease—you wait and see!



THE CABINET CONCERT

By Henry W. Nevinson.

Scene: The music-room in Downing Street; Mr. Asquith stands at the conductor's desk; members of the Cabinet are seated in a semi-circle round him; the Whips are ready with tuning-forks and pitch-pipes.

MR. A.: Now, gentlemen, I've arranged our programme to perfection. I'll take the chill off myself with my new Ode to Freedom, beginning:—

"Oh, no! we never mention her;
Her name is never heard;
Our lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word!"

ALL: That's good! That'll go down with the Party!
It just hits the Liberal note on Freedom.

LORD MORLEY (*murmuring*): Somehow it doesn't sound the same as we used to sing about Freedom when I was young. But I come next with "Sigh no more more, ladies," don't I?

MR. A.: Do be quiet, Morley. You don't understand the New Liberalism. If you sang "Men were deceivers ever," you'd give the whole show away. You must sing:—

"Of what is the old man thinking
As he throttles the Suffragette?"

Then, George, you'll strike in with, "The Torpedo and the Wail."

MR. LL. G.: I'm rather fed up with that Torpedo song. I want to sing "The Pilgrims of Love" or "Soon we'll be in London Town."

MR. A.: Never mind what you want; you torpedo and wail very well. Churchill, you follow on with your recitation, "The Boy stood on the Burning Deck."

MR. C.: Belay, there! Shiver my timbers, but don't talk of burning them! Only yesterday I found a Suffragette flag flying from the top-gallant mizen fore-and-aft boom of the *Enchantress*. I'll sing "The Vicar of Bray," or "The Deserter's Meditation," or "I'm Sitting on the Fence, Mary."

MR. A.: Now, Birrell, if Redmond insists on coming, you give him a speech from "Twixt Axe and Crown." I've got you down for the rag-time, "Waiting for Robert E. Lee."

MR. B.: (*indignantly*): "Waiting for Mrs. M. Leigh," you mean! No; I'd rather sing "The Wearing of the Purple—" No, that won't do, either. I'll sing "Who fears to speak of Prison Gate?"

MR. A.: I can give you a choice, McKenna. You can recite "The Town and Country Mouse" or sing "Tell me, Shepherds, have you seen my Flora pass this way?"

MR. McK.: If you don't mind, I'd rather give the old song:—

"We met—'twas in a crowd,
And I hoped she would shun me;
She came—I could hardly breathe—
For her eye was upon me!"

And for encore I'll sing the rag-time "I want to be, I want to be way down in Capetown."

MR. A.: You, Seely, will, of course, oblige with the war-song, "The Girl that left Me Behind."

COL. S.: No, thank you; I'll give "The Soldier tired of Vote's Alarms."

MR. A.: Grey, you'll take "A North-Country Maid up to London had strayed."

SIR E. G.: I'd rather not, please; I've had enough of these North-country people sitting on my doorstep. I'll give a rag-time, too:—

"Every morning hear her ring;
She's the cutest little thing."

MR. A.: Harcourt, you can cheer us up with "Come, lasses and lads, take leave of your dads."

MR. H.: I consider that song an incitement to violence, and I dislike an admixture of females with human beings in any shape or form. I'll sing "O Mary, go and call the cattle home."

Cattle and home are the right society and place for women.

MR. A.: You, Hobhouse, can take your choice between the song "Heap on more Wood" and the recitation of "The Fireman's Story."

MR. H.: Oh, please not! I've set my heart on the patter:—

"I'm sorry I spoke!
It's more than a joke!
What a fool of a bloke!
So sorry I spoke!" and so on.

MR. A.: Samuel, you must give "Oh, say not woman's words are bought!" Burns, I have you down for "I loved thee once, I'll love no more."

BOTH: We'd do better at "Black-eyed Susan," or the recitation, "Who kicked the place to make it swell! My steward."

MR. A.: Haldane, you can finish up with Purcell's song, "I attempt from their quickness to fly in vain."

LORD H.: Please, I'd thought of "The Devout Lover." But our concert seems to be breaking up. I've a suggestion! In my capacity as Lord Chancellor, I lately attended a music-hall, where I heard just the very thing for us. It's called the "Votes for Women Rag." The chorus begins:—

"You made us love you!
We didn't want to do it!
We didn't want to do it!"

ALL: That's fine! Just right! So true!

LORD H.: I'll take the solo part:—

"We've been worried eight years long,
Any fool could see we're wrong;
We can't help what now we say,
Panic makes us speak this way;
It's no wonder we feel blue,
Once we used to laugh at you,
But now we're crying, no use denying,
There's nothing else will do but you."

MR. A.: Now, gentlemen, all together—for the first time in our lives! Strong accent on the word "made." Next two lines pianissimo:—

"You made us love you!
We didn't want to do it!
We didn't want to do it!
You made us want you!
And all the time you knew it,
We guess you always knew it!
You made us jumpy, sometimes
You made us sad,
And there were days, Votes,
You made us feel so bad!
You made us lie, for
We didn't want to have you!
We didn't want to have you!
But now we swear it's true!
Yes, we do, 'deed we do."

MR. LL. G.: (*solo*): "Don't you think we do!"

ALL:—

"Give us, give us what we cry for
You know you're the kind of voters that we'd die for!
That's how you made us love you."

(*Mr. Asquith waits, and sees all the Cabinet rapturously applauding.*)

LORD H. (*solo*):—

"We had pictured in our mind
Some day we should surely find
Something catching, if untrue,
But we never thought of you;
Other dreams of votes are o'er,
We want you and nothing more!
Come and uphold us, please don't scold us,
As you've always done before!"

MR. A.: Thank heaven, we've got it at last. Now, gentlemen, final chorus, *con brio*!

TUTTI: "You made us love you!
We didn't want to do it!
We didn't want to do it!"

(*Cabinet is seen dancing the Votes Tango as the curtain falls.*)

ACTRESSES AND THE VOTE

By Israel Zangwill

Mr. Arnold Bennett, in his latest book, "The Regent," tells us of a poetic play on the point of death that was revitalised by the putting of a famous female Suffragist into one of the parts. I am afraid in real life a Suffragist will not always make an actress; but it is a cheering fact that an actress is nearly always a Suffragist. It is urged against women having the Vote that they can take no interest in abstract questions. Was there ever a more Irish objection? Was there ever a cause more impersonal and abstract than is the movement for a Vote to the majority of its leaders? By no section of women is this more convincingly demonstrated than by the actresses. What have they to gain? Already they enjoy equal wages with men, equal status in their profession. They have had their revenge for their ancient exclusion from the boards. Not only do women nowadays play Rosalind, they sometimes play Hamlet. Their devotion to the cause of their sex is the more admirable. Of the much-vaunted chivalry of men to women we have seen but little in this unhappy campaign, but we have been compensated by a newer and a nobler thing—the chivalry of women to women.

And yet even actresses have gained something from this movement. The nature of their profession tends to turn them into marionettes, to make them the medium for other people's passions, other people's ideas and ideals. In this movement they can express an idea, an ideal, and a passion of their own. And if their adorable profession has a fault it is of narrowness; too much concentration on shop and green-room gossip; gossip which is not even always concerned with Art proper. The Vote is the window to a wider world.

Incidentally, this enlarged outlook will make the actress act better; and when it falls to her to choose a play she will want some substance to it, she will no longer present the pappy, sloshy stuff with which the poor critic is forcibly fed.

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THE WHITE CROSS

By G. Colmore

Everything was white, or so it seemed to the magistrate; even the sea; for the surf that seethed about the rocks was pale as milk, and the waves, dashing themselves into foam, were like snow rising upwards to meet the falling flakes. It was Christmas Eve, and already in the early afternoon the daylight was dim; soon twilight would be here, and then darkness.

The magistrate had come north to spend Christmas with friends who had urged that the further away he was from London, the greater would be the change from the atmosphere in which his official days were passed, the fuller the refreshment of mind, the surer the rest. And so it had proved; the police court was shut away by a wall of distance, of merry-making, of the companionship of cheery kindly men, and of women easy to talk to and pleasant to look upon. It was in buoyant mood that he had come out for an after luncheon stroll, and, exhilarated by the crisp air, had gone on and on across the snow clad country; straight on, as it had seemed till, turning, he found no guiding landmark in the white expanse that faced him. Then the snow had come on again and fell like a moving veil about him, and, wandering on and on, he found himself at last upon a rock-strewn beach with white headed waves rushing inwards, tossing clouds of spray up into the silent snow.

The castle, he knew, was not far from the coast; if he followed the coast line surely he would come to it, and if the daylight failed, lights in the windows would guide him safely. He went on, keeping to the landward side of the beach till the low cliffs, rising higher, hid from him all save the sea and the jagged rocks which broke the waves. Those rocks became more thickly grouped, larger; it would have been better to mount the cliffs and keep along their edge; he stopped, hesitated, and turned. A little way back were two tall rocks, with a space between, through which he had passed, and just beyond these rocks the cliffs, he remembered, were low enough to mount. There they were ahead, the two high jagged points; he could just see them through the blinding snow, which fell ever more swiftly, more densely, and to the left of them the wall of lower rocks which ran right into the sea.

He was close to the tall rocks now; he thought he would stand for a minute to leeward of them and rest; but he stopped before he reached the scant shelter they might give, stopped short and gazed. In the space between them, a space that had been empty some ten minutes since, stood a cross, white as the snow and the breaking waves: a white cross, with arms that stretched from rock to rock, the stem of it wider than the arms, the head of it rounded. He stopped, and advanced, and stopped again; for there were eyes in the cross, and the eyes looked at him. Not of wood it was, or stone, but of flesh, human, living; it was a woman's form that barred his progress, snow covered, with face as white as the snow.

"Who—what—?" he stammered.

"One who walks when night or storm makes it safe to take the air." The figure dropped its arms, but otherwise did not move. "I am a wanted woman. And you, for the moment, are a wanted man."

"I—I don't understand."

"I will explain." The woman stepped forward. "You don't know me?"

"N—no." Yet the recollection dawned dimly in the mind of the magistrate.

"I know you. You are that one of McKenna's cats who put me into the trap of Holloway."

"You are a — then, a —?"

"A mouse."

"You looked more like a —" he tried to laugh. "a cross than a mouse, just now."

"Is it the first time that you have seen in a woman's form the form of a cross?" Her voice changed. "Come," she said, "if you stand shivering there, you will catch your death of cold. We can talk as we go."

"Go!"

"Yes, to the castle. I know the way, a shorter way than following the coast line."

"But —"

"Oh, you needn't be afraid. I have no bombs about me. I have no more than a few words to say."

men or an army of wardresses. Besides," she went on, as the magistrate moved forward (for indeed he was very cold), "we women don't hurt men; it's the only part of our policy that is similar to the policy of the Government. The Government doesn't touch men; nor do we, except just to frighten them a bit. But there the similarity ends. For we direct our attacks to inanimate things, because they don't feel, while the Government attacks women, because they do feel."

"I really can't allow this," exclaimed the magistrate. "It's—er—almost seditious, a libel on—on—"

"Oh! On what?" she asked. "See here, we must climb now just a little way."

"A libel on English justice," said the magistrate. He was feeling a little better.

The woman stopped short. "Here," she said, "you and I stand quite alone, away from all tradition—save only that which will be celebrated to-morrow, the tradition that Christ had but one human parent, and that one a woman. Here, on Christmas Eve, in a world that is white whichever way you look, the blackness that you have put in the place of justice should seem, even to you, a libel indeed. Not my words, but your own acts are libellous. Look round you, and then back to the court where you deal it out, your—justice."

The magistrate did not answer; certainly all around was white, certainly the London court would have shown darkly here.

"I have always thought," the woman said, moving on, "and always said, that in everybody there is somewhere a bit of white. But looking at you elderly men, dealing out months of imprisonment to women for political offences that are sometimes even no offences at all, knowing that you give but weeks or days to men who have assaulted little girl

children, seeing how you shelter fallen men and condemn helpless women, I have sometimes wondered whether there is anything white about you except your hair."

"I am cold and wet," said the magistrate, "and cannot bandy words with you."

"And I, I suppose, am very warm and dry."

It was almost dark now, but the snow was still falling; it was a white figure the magistrate followed, like a ghost—or—it was because it was Christmas-time, he thought, that there came back to him his childhood's idea of an angel.

Not ghost nor angel, but a woman it was who stopped as they rounded a belt of trees. "Over there—do you see the lights in the windows?"

"I—I ought to thank you."

"Oh, no, the boot's on—I mean—for I know you are particular—the glove's on the other hand. I've had my interview, you see."

"Do you mean that you planned—?"

"Of course, when I heard you were coming here."

"It was disgraceful," said the magistrate.

"Well, you can run me in again. Oh, not to-night, because there's only one of you. But you might frame me. May I—" she raised her hand to her head—"may I offer you the usual clue?"

She was gone, lost in the whiteness of the falling snow. Before the magistrate were the castle lights; in his hand was a hairpin.

Very bright was the glow of the firelight, very appetising the dinner, very merry the voices of the guests, very restful the soft warm bed. But in the night the magistrate awoke, and, with the vision of night, saw a cross made of a white living woman; and into the darkness came a dreadful doubt. Was there anything about him that was white, save his hair?

"VOTES FOR WOMEN" FELLOWSHIP

What It Is. How to Join It

Every man and every woman who bears goodwill to the suffrage movement should enrol themselves in the VOTES FOR WOMEN Fellowship. Its boundaries have already become world-wide, and its representatives are found in every quarter of the English speaking world as well as in every other country where British men and women are to be found.

The VOTES FOR WOMEN Fellowship is not a suffrage society. It is a common ground whereon all the various sections of the suffrage movement can meet. Its centre is not a person, but a paper—a paper independent of all suffrage societies yet in touch with them all—a paper that is not committed to any sectional interests, but which represents the movement as a whole, and appeals to the public as a whole, calling upon men and women of every class, and of every religious and political faith to awaken to the meaning of the woman's movement, and to rally to the banner of human liberty.

The Fellowship is infused with the spirit of unity and draws together men and women who understand the significance of the new forces for the uplifting of humanity which have been called into being by the awakening of women to a new sense of race consciousness and race responsibility.

The task of the Fellowship is to build up in Great Britain a body of public opinion which shall express itself in political action, and shall be strong enough to exert pressure upon the Government, and to insist upon a Government Bill giving votes to women. In this task it is upheld by the sympathy and support of men and women in every part of the world. Every Fellow finds a definite scheme of work to his or her hand, and a series of specified services—some great and some small—by which every individual can play a part in securing a corporate result.

On page 152 will be found a description of the aims and methods of the Fellowship. A membership card will be sent to anyone who is willing to be enrolled as a Fellow on application to Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, the hon. secretary, VOTES FOR WOMEN Fellowship, 4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C. A very warm welcome will be extended to those men and women who, by individual adherence, will increase the working strength of the Fellowship, and help in carrying out its educational and political campaign.

COME AND SELL!

A Double Number Ought to Have a Double Circulation. Politicians, a hundred years ago, attributed the demand for Reform to the fact that the working classes had learnt to read, and to write political

pamphlets. "Let us keep the discontented dumb!" they cried. So would politicians say to-day of women—if they dared.

But the discontented of to-day are not dumb so long as there is a wide circulation of the organ of their discontent—VOTES FOR WOMEN. No one can help that circulation more than the corps of paper-sellers who stand in all weathers on the kerbstone, educating public opinion by their very presence there, making converts who could be reached in no other way.

Let Us Double Everything

This week's issue is a double number. It ought to have a double circulation. Let us double everything—the number of copies sold, the number of new readers gained, the number of new converts made, and, above all, the number of paper-sellers. A Christmas number is an admirable number with which to make a beginning. Will all those ready to start their adventurous career on the kerbstone offer themselves at once to the paper-selling organiser, at the VOTES FOR WOMEN Offices, 4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.?

A Lantern Poster Parade, to advertise and sell the Christmas number, will leave the office this evening (Friday) at 6 p.m. Volunteers are asked to come to the office not later than 5.30.

A DOUBLE CHRISTMAS GIFT

It is not often that one is able to give two Christmas gifts at the same time by a single purchase. Yet that is what any of our readers will be doing who decides to present to one of her friends an annual subscription for the paper VOTES FOR WOMEN.

In the first place it will be a gift to the paper of a new reader—always a very welcome and valuable gift; and in the second place it will be a gift to the friend of something which will bring new interest and meaning to her life.

The few remaining weeks of the year provide a splendid opportunity of making many of these double gifts for the year 1914. All particulars will be found on page 153.

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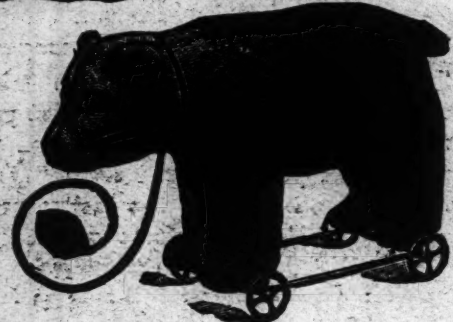
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DRAMA AND BOOKS

THE PIONEER PLAYERS

Interesting Production at the Little Theatre

An exceptionally good performance was given by the Pioneer Players at the Little Theatre last Sunday night. "The Street," a play in three acts, by Mrs. Antonia R. Williams (published some seven years ago, and now produced for the first time), is full of humour and pathos, romance and realism, and was admirably acted. The story is clear. Mrs. Martin, a widow (Lilla Nordon), and her two daughters are hard pressed by their landlord, whose name quite naturally is Murphy. Margaret, the elder daughter (Hilda Moore), has already "parted with honour and hope" to this bestial anti-suffrage landlord (whom, fortunately, we do not see), for the sake of her mother and sister. The younger sister, Violet (Christine Silver), is beautifully in love with a youthful poet, Owen Ford (H. B. Waring), who lodges in the house, and is all a poet should be. Then John Castleton (Moffat Johnston), the strong, good man with money, comes along. He has been studying social questions by acting as amateur rent-collector, knows Murphy's foulness, and is bent on marrying Margaret, who loves him well enough, but believes after what has happened that marriage is impossible. But Castleton only sees the heroism of her sacrifice. "Courage may strike a road through the blackest pit of hell," he declares. "You have done the impossible. You have reconciled death and life. You have made heaven of hell." Margaret slowly yields, and the play ends with two pairs of lovers.

And so it should be. For here was a bad business well repaired by a man and woman of great qualities—who, lacking heart and courage, might have thrown away their happiness.

Mrs. Martin, sordid and garrulous, supplied the laughter of the piece: "When I married your father, I knew I was marrying above my station. 'Station be blowed,' says I, 'I'll do my best for him.' Then when you came, the first time I clapped eyes on you both I knew I was having children above my station."

"The Street" is immeasurably better than the average play at any ordinary theatre, and it could not have been acted more brilliantly by all concerned.

Following "The Street" came a most engaging trifle by Mr. Norreys Connell, "The King's Wooing," wherein Mr. Ben Webster, as "an old King of France," and Miss Iris Hoey, as the young Queen, meet in a wayside inn in Guienne, in the very early hours of a summer morning.

The next performance of the Pioneer Players will take place on January 11, 1914, when a translation of a tenth century Latin play, "Paphnutius," by Christopher St. John, will be given. J. G.

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

The season for amateur theatricals and plays especially adapted to young actors of both sexes is now approaching. These three plays,* in one act, are easily staged and are for boys and girls. The fullest directions are given as to stage furniture, dances and costumes, all adapted to home or school capabilities. Each part may be played either by boy or girl, a very convenient arrangement. "The Pied Piper" (fourteenth century period) and "Jim Crow" (fifteenth century, based on the legend of the Jackdaw of Rheims), follow the well-known poems, and in "The Magic Chest" we have the Greek legend of Epimetheus and Pandora. As many characters as possible are introduced, so that in schools, for instance, many scholars can take part, either in singing, dancing, or declamation (ages 8 to eighteen). Coloured plates show designs for costumes. The incidental music is bright, tuneful, and not too difficult for the performers above-mentioned.

ON COLLECTING†

As in her former book, "Antiques and Curios in our Homes," Mrs. Vallois makes no claim to deep learning. She is content, out of her great love and knowledge of the subject, modestly to indicate to her readers how they may acquire, with patience and perseverance—and money—treasures like unto the ancient possessions she describes. In these possessions the heart of Mrs. Vallois obviously rejoices. The book is written throughout with freshness and enthusiasm which cannot fail to be infectious, and her experience should be extremely valuable to those with a taste for historical relics. Mrs. Vallois makes gentle fun of those moderns who cannot discuss the family affairs of the Stuarts with calm; but there is an undercurrent all through the volume which warns the reviewer that "There are chords..." So let us be satisfied with hearty commendation of these "First Steps," even to casual readers who have no ambition to amass heirlooms. The book is brimful of "chatty" information, calculated, as the writer herself says, to entice them to further and deeper researches. It is very well got up, and contains many interesting illustrations and a useful bibliography. M. S. C.

* "Three Musical Plays for Boys and Girls." Arranged and written by E. Elliot Stock. Incidental Music by Ernest Brumlen. (Heath, Cranton, and Ouseley, Ltd., Fleet Lane, E.C. Price, pianoforte edition, 2s. 6d. net, each; rehearsal edition, 2s. net, each.)

† "First Steps in Collecting." By Grace M. Vallois. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd. Price 6s. net.)

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"WOMEN CAN'T FIGHT!"

Mrs. Stobart is one of the many women who have lived a difficult life and never shirked danger or hardship. The South African veldt and the borderlands of savagery had shown her the realities in life's struggle, and when she returned to England she found the country agitated by two questions: fear of invasion and the contest for the suffrage. She thought she could take an active part in both, however indirectly, by forming a Women's Convoy Corps. Its object was not to provide more trained nurses for the great and secure hospitals at the base in war, but to look after and convey the wounded over that wide space nearly always lying between the field hospitals and the base. She set to work, and in four years had her Convoy Corps in practical order.

Then came the Balkan war, and Mrs. Stobart hoped to be sent out as a detachment of the British Red Cross. That Society, however, determined to send only men, and from what I have heard of their performances in certain parts they had better have sent nothing at all. Finding her fully trained women's corps rejected with the scorn customary to masculine pride, Mrs. Stobart selected fifteen of them, including three women doctors, and set off to prepare the way. The whole of her convoy soon followed her to the Bulgarian headquarters. Unhappily, as I had gone forward, as near to the fighting front as we were allowed, before they arrived, I never saw them. But Mr. Noel Buxton, to whose quiet generosity the scheme owed so much, has given us a faithful and inspiring account of their excellent work at Kirk Kilisse, where he found them established. ("With the Bulgarian Staff.")

Mrs. Stobart now tells the whole story from her point of view with great modesty and frankness. There was the invariable trouble of getting stores collected and organised in war time, and the greater trouble of transporting them to the scene of action. Remember, that in the Bulgarian army there was no transport but ox-waggons beyond the three main bases. Day and night the few roads were crowded with ox-waggons going and coming in never-ending lines. In these waggons the women had to live on their seven days' march from Jamboli to Kirk Kilisse. The waggons are small, wooden concerns, without springs, and the sides slope inwards usually to a single plank. Only by heaping straw deep upon the plank can you sleep, and in war time the drivers steal your bed to feed their oxen. What is worse, the country is devastated, and you can't get food for love or money. In one village Mrs. Stobart actually found a woman baking:—

"It looks lovely," I said, and—thinking of my starving corps—"I should be glad if you would sell me some." "I'd rather be killed," she answered curtly, "than let you have this bread. It's all I've got—my children would die—their father's fighting." She turned round sharply—"Look at them; can't you see they're starving?—one died last week—and these—" she glanced towards the children, then stopped. . . . For the first time I realised a grim reality that was subsequently often enough impressed upon me—that one of the cruellest results of the wars men wage upon each other is the sufferings of the women and children.

How often have I also proclaimed that truth! And still we hear Mr. McCallum Scott and his warlike band of M.P.'s wearily mauling that women shall have no voice in peace or war because they can't fight!

The book is a record of capacity, of difficulties cheerfully faced—such difficulties as only those who know the Balkans intimately can realise. The housing, the food, the stifling rooms, the domestic habits, the substitute for "sanitation"—we who have seen it all in war and peace know what it means. We can appreciate the gay courage, the quick resource, and, above all, the disciplined skill with which all was confronted and forced into success. Of the success one simple fact is sufficient evidence; out of 739 cases treated by the Convoy women doctors and nurses, only one died.

The important thing, as Florence Nightingale found, is the abolition of the languishing amateur. Given a complete and industrious training, a women's hospital can take the field with as entire efficiency as the R.A.M.C. For half-trained bodies, like the Voluntary Aid Detachments now organised under the War Office, Mrs. Stobart has complete contempt. "The V.A.D. scheme is worse than nothing," she says. But as to genuine work:—

"The Women's Convoy Corps have shown that women can be of use not only in hospitals of war administered by men, they have shown that women can—without depriving men of their privilege of remaining in the fighting line—improvise and administer, on their own, a hospital of war in all its various departments."

"Betwixt Odalisque and Women's Convoy Corps," she says in another place, "what an interval!" About the same interval, I suppose, as between an Anti and a Suffragette.

H. W. N.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Rearing an Imperial Race." Edited by Charles E. Hecht. (London: St. Catharine Press. Price 7s. 6d. net.)
"Tales from Ariosto." By J. Shield Nicholson. (London: Macmillan. Price 6s.)
"Gold Lace: A Study of Girlhood." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (London: Chapman and Hall. Price 6s.)
"Wet Magic: A Tale of the Depths of the Sea." By Mrs. E. Nesbit. (London: Werner Laurie. Price 6s.)
"The Road to the Open." By Arthur Schnitzler. (London: Leimer. Price 6s.)

"War and Women." By Mrs. St. Olaf Stobart. (London: George Bell. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1913.

THE VOTE IN 1914

To politicians the year 1913 is already over. Its debates and its intrigues, its divisions and its motions, even its successful legislation are for them all things of the past. The year 1914 occupies their sole attention. The Government have their programme for the new session well in hand, the Opposition are sharpening their weapons for the attack. The Labour men and the Irish are determined that in 1914 they will secure the reforms upon which they have set their heart.

We suffragists are equally determined that the year 1914 shall see the enactment of the most important project of legislation before the country—the enfranchisement of women. This great reform is now long overdue. It is nearly fifty years since it first attracted attention, and nearly thirty since it first secured a majority in the House of Commons. For several years it has occupied a prominent place in public thought. We cannot wait any longer for it to be settled. Let us recount some of the more important of the reasons why it ought to be dealt with in 1914.

First and foremost we place the fact that the vast majority of the people—men and women—are fully convinced to-day of the inherent injustice of excluding qualified persons from the franchise solely on the ground of sex. Amidst a great deal of ill-informed criticism of militancy and its origin, there is on every side a growing feeling that this injustice ought to be removed. So long, therefore, as politicians refuse to enfranchise women they are running counter to the moral sense of the community.

Secondly, we claim the immediate passage into law of this reform on the ground that government of the people by the people is an essential part of Liberal doctrine which the Liberal Party cannot, without stultifying themselves, continue to refuse to put into operation in the case of women.

Thirdly, we remind the Liberal Government that their explicit pledges to women remain unfulfilled, and that this stain on their honour can only now be removed by the frank adoption of woman suffrage as part of the official programme for 1914—the last effective session of the present Parliament.

Finally, we commend to their attention the words of Mr. Winston Churchill, who said that Liberalism was successful because when faced with a section of the public in rebellion it did not content itself with applying methods of coercion, but sought to find a remedy for the injustice by which the rebellion had been brought about.

We are aware that Liberal partisans are able to produce a multitude of reasons why the Government cannot bring in and carry a woman suffrage Bill in 1914. It is said that there are so many other reforms to which the Government are committed that there is no time to enfranchise women. We answer that there never will be a session with regard to which this contention will not be brought forward with an equal semblance of truth. When Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment are disposed of there will be Land Reform and Housing Reform, and a host of other questions which demand immediate attention. Woman suffrage, affecting as it does every section of the population, transcends all these questions in importance, and is entitled not merely to proceed alongside of them into law, but, if it were necessary, to take precedence on the Government programme.

Again, it is said that the last session of a Parliament is unsuitable for the enactment of a measure of this kind. We reply that, on the contrary, it is of all sessions the most suitable, because it enables the general election to be fought on the new register containing the new electors. We are so used to hearing the opposite argument put forward—viz., that the early sessions of a Parliament are not suitable for the passage of a franchise Bill, because they would necessitate an immediate dissolution—that this audacious plea causes us nothing but supreme amazement.

Again, it is said that a constitutional change such as woman suffrage ought not to be enacted without directly consulting the people, that this Parliament was not elected to settle this question, and has no right to do so without obtaining an express mandate from the electors. Our reply is threefold. Firstly, a similar proposition with regard to an "express mandate" is frequently put forward by opponents of other legislative proposals, but is invariably overruled by the leaders of whichever party happens to be in power. Secondly, prior to the last general election, Mr. Asquith explicitly stated that if the Liberal Party were confirmed in office they should consider that the new Parliament would be entitled to settle the question of woman suffrage; and after this pronouncement a House of Commons, nearly two-thirds of whom had announced themselves favourable to the enfranchisement of women, was elected. Thirdly, there is good reason to believe that a Bill dealing with House of Lords Reform is to be introduced next session; the principles of this measure have not been before the country at all; if, therefore, the Government consider themselves entitled to introduce and carry a measure of this kind next session, how preposterous it is for their supporters to deny their right to introduce and carry a Bill to give votes to women.

Lastly, it is said that women cannot be enfranchised in 1914 because the Liberal Party and the Cabinet are divided on this question, and in particular because Mr. Asquith is an opponent, so that if the vast majority in the party who favour the enfranchisement of women insisted upon having their way, Mr. Asquith would be compelled to retire and the party would be wrecked. We confess that we are not very solicitous of the welfare of parties as such, and that to us faithful adherence to sound principles is of infinitely more importance than the preservation of any party, however great its traditions. But to those whose minds are cast in a different mould we recommend consideration of the fact that there are more ways of wrecking a party than one. It is true that a party may be wrecked by a cleavage between two of its dominating spirits. It is equally true that it may be wrecked by an abandonment on the part of the whole party of those principles on which its continued existence as a party depends. The Liberal Party can exist without Mr. Asquith; it can exist without Mr. Lulu Harcourt; it cannot exist without Liberalism.

THE SHEEP THAT DEFIED THE DOG

By Mrs. Pethick Lawrence

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AVERAGE ELECTOR

Dear Sir,—

You believe that women ought to have the vote when they fulfil the same duties that qualify men for the franchise. In fact, you are one of the rapidly and ever-increasing majority of life-long suffragists. But your sympathy for the cause has received a check, you say. You are startled and angered by the new spirit of rebellion in women. You are roused to fury when women forget the traditional gentleness of their sex, and take to the methods of violence and destruction which have been in the past so often used by men, and which are being threatened by men at the present time in their struggle for what they conceive to be liberty and justice.

I admit that the militancy of women is a phenomenon new and unexpected in public and political life. Does it not for this very reason call for an altogether new effort of the imagination and the understanding? Have you brought them to bear on the problem?

Let me give you a picture of militancy as I see it. Last spring I was walking in Scotland over a country road dusty with the trampling of a flock of Highland sheep. Amongst them were many ewes with their young. One lamb was lame and lagged behind the rest, its mother standing by. Suddenly a fussy sheep dog spotted the laggards and made in their direction with much ado. But instead of the panic stricken submission and obedience that one is accustomed to see given by the timid sheep to the bark of the shepherd's dog, the ewe turned and faced the dog with steady and fierce determination. In an instant the dog stopped dead, completely nonplussed, then turned and went off with his tail between his legs.

If I had not seen this little drama I should scarcely have believed in the possibility of a militant sheep. What had happened to change a creature of traditional timidity and gentleness into this fearlessly defensive rebel? The instinct of motherhood had overwhelmed all other impulses; the sense of protective responsibility had driven out the long imbued sense of fear. The divine miracle of nature subduing nature was herein made manifest, I mean the rising of race consciousness in a silly sheep above all consciousness of itself as a unit.

Hold that picture in your mind while I set before you another as a companion to it. The root meaning of the woman's movement to-day is the awakening of women to the new consciousness of race motherhood. Into the heart of this awakened womanhood to-day certain conditions affecting the weak and the young and the helpless—conditions of which you and your fellows seem to be oblivious—have been burnt by the passion of pity. Women are no longer content to accept the world into which the children of your race are born.

It is intolerable

It is intolerable to women that 100,000 infants should die in this country every year from causes that are to a large extent preventable. It is intolerable that hundreds of thousands of the children who manage to live should grow up stunted, blighted, and diseased in body and in soul. It is intolerable that the child of the widowed mother should be torn from her arms to be brought up in the workhouse. It is intolerable that the mother herself, after devoting her body and her life to her family, should, in her bereaved widowhood, be driven into the sweated labour market as the only alternative to pauperism. It is intolerable that young girls should be sold to agents of the White Slave Traffic, or should be driven to sell themselves for bread, and that baby children should be assaulted and violated often with impunity, and always with less risk to the offender than he would incur by an offence against property.

These things that you have forgotten, or never

known, are no longer to be endured by the women of the country in whose heart has been born again the idea of divine and universal motherhood. We are not content to remain the passive agents of human generation. We demand to become an inherent part of that human will which, acting through the body politic, creates the forces that shape and fashion the human world.

We have cried to justice and appealed to reason, and our cry has not been heard. When in the history of the last eight years of this movement, women, ignored, tricked, and betrayed by politicians, have tried to raise voices of protest against their political helplessness in the face of these conditions, rough men have been employed to drown their words. This race-awakened woman—pioneer of the womanhood of the future—men have harried and hunted and driven. Every means that obstinacy and cruelty could devise to break her spirit have been tried. Assaulted with terrible violence when she attempted to carry petitions to the rulers of the country; sentenced to outrageous terms of imprisonment for purely technical offences; treated in prison with every possible humiliation devised for the most callous criminal; forcibly fed when she protested against these degrading conditions by adopting the hunger strike; mocked and incited by Cabinet Ministers who threw back her patience in her teeth, and taunted her with her mildness; she has been driven by her persecutors at last to violence and rebellion. And thus she stands to-day in noble

defiance, engaged in direct combat with her tormentors, McKenna of the Cat and Mouse Act, and the forcible feeders of the Liberal Cabinet.

Such is the picture that you must place beside that of the ewe and her lamb, if you would understand the militant movement.

What are you going to do—you average elector? The position is fraught with dire portent. Immeasurable tragedy will be the outcome unless you intervene.

Remember that it is *your* young for whom this mother woman is fighting with such indomitable determination—yours and the Nation's. For them she has literally staked her life, regardless of sacrifice. Are you going to see the sacrifice completed? Will you take her blood upon your heads?

If not you must act, and act at once. You must call off these bloodhounds that represent you. You can do it with your vote. You did it for Larkin, the individual. You can do it for the awakened womanhood that stands to-day so fiercely and self-regardlessly on the defensive for the sake of the unborn children of the British race. No power on earth can subdue her spirit. Will you have her body broken before your eyes?

Up! And let this Government of proven cowards know that you and the other electors of the country are determined that the mother of the people shall be delivered into freedom.

Emmeline Pethick Lawrence.

PEOPLE WHO MATTER—AND SOME WHO DON'T

By Mary Neal

IV.—A Rebel

She began to rebel consciously at the age of six, when, at her grandfather's funeral, her brothers were allowed the dignity of black stockings instead of the red and blue ones then in fashion, while she was only allowed a black frock and the compromise of white stockings. She felt quite unable to shed a tear at the funeral, and overheard the maids describing her as "a hard-hearted little thing with no proper feelings." As she grew older there gradually grew up in her heart a great rebellion against the attitude of the family towards the one unmarried aunt, who was always spoken of as "Poor Eliza Ann." The back seat of the carriage, the leg of the chicken, the management of the children while married sisters were away on holiday, tickets for theatres and concerts when someone else failed were always considered as belonging especially to the old maid of the family.

At the age of twelve she openly told her mother that she refused to be made into the sort of nonentity that her grandmother had made of her Aunt Eliza Ann. When still young enough for the nursery to be still in existence for a brother only four years younger than herself, she read Stuart Mill's "Subjection of Women" with passionate understanding, and would sit for hours after breakfast behind the nursery barred window, watching the stream of men and boys who regularly every morning turned out from stuffy suburban breakfast-rooms to join the vivid life of trade and profession, leaving the women and girls, "the ladies of the family," to dust the drawing-rooms, arrange the flowers, make cakes and pastry, and amuse each other with gossip and small talk about everybody and nothing in particular.

There were many puzzles for a rebel in those days, even more than there are to-day. Why, for instance, should she be carefully tended in a darkened room when assailed by a headache, while the parlourmaid, a delicate girl about her own age, must wait at table and go on with her work, however ill, she felt and looked? And why did the giver of the handkerchief

donation to the missionary society make his money by the manufacture, amongst other things, of brass idols as articles of trade with the benighted heathen whom he subscribed to save?

But she was quite grown up before the biggest question came, the question which most women would have to solve if they but knew the truth. Why did he think she would be pleased when he told her that for love of her he had abandoned a mistress who had been faithful to him for many a long year of poverty, and who, now that things were prosperous, was to see him "range himself" and become a responsible citizen of the world?

Then the rebel understood revolt as never before. She came into personal touch with the problem of life as it has to be faced by the deserted and wronged woman, and always will have to be faced until women are free and equal with the men who are their mates. And the rebel and the wronged woman faced the truth together, and the man went out from their presence, awakened to a new realisation of the womanhood of the future.

To-day the rebel still, with spirit still unconquered, rebels against the man-made laws and man-made standards of right and wrong to which society bows the head and to which the weak, both men and women, still submit. But, to-day, she is one of a great company all the world over, and is conscious of a great communion of the heart and of the spirit. She does not call herself a rebel, but a "fellow" of the new fellowship of men and women working for the enfranchisement of women.

VOL VI

OF

VOTES FOR WOMEN

(October 1912—September 1913, with Index)

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THE BABY AND THE FIRE GOD

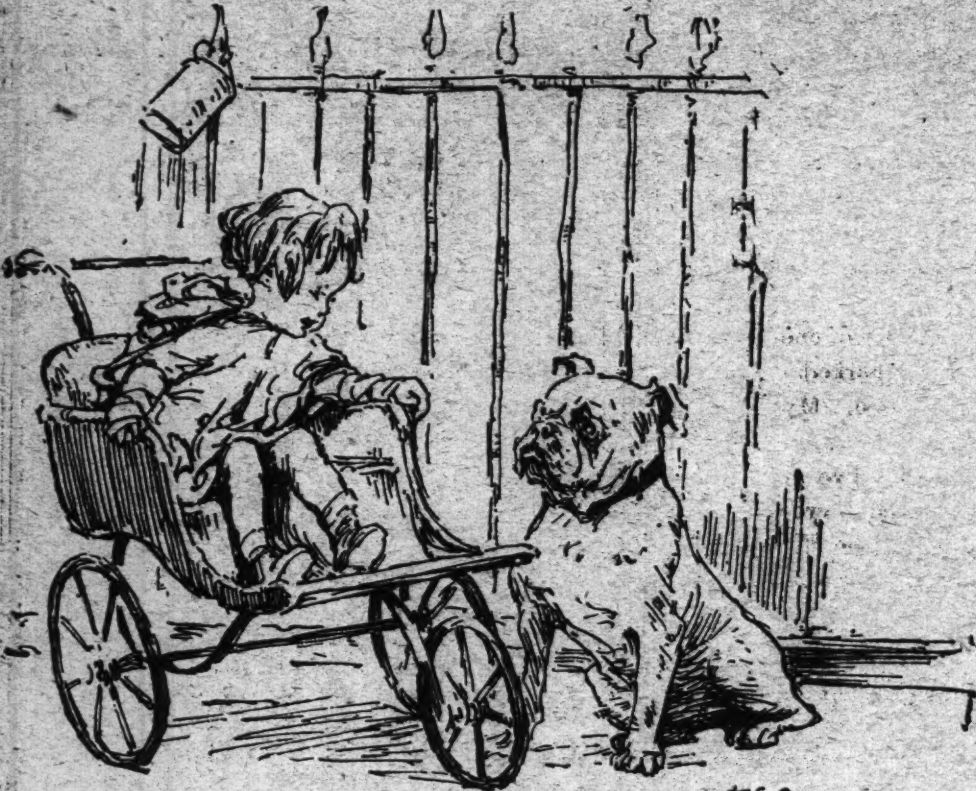
By Evelyn Sharp

Illustrated by Kate Elizabeth Olver

"Happy Christmas to you!" said the Bulldog, in the sort of tone that seemed to imply that all the Happy Christmases going were his to give away.

"Happy Christmas!" echoed the Baby, glancing down at him over the edge of her perambulator. "What's that?"

"Really!" said the Bulldog, looking pained.



You are a Most Ignorant Baby where the Greatness of the Empire is Concerned.

"You are a most ignorant baby where the greatness of the Empire is concerned."

"What's Christmas got to do with the Empire?" asked the Baby. "Is it a whole holiday, and a mug with a flag painted on it?"

"Not at all," was the short reply. "Christmas is—is—" It was surprising how difficult Christmas was to define when one came to do it—"well, it's roast beef and plum pudding and holly and kissing under the mistletoe, and all the things that have made England what it is."

"Oh," said the Baby, who was not at all impressed; "then it's no good coming here and wishing me a happy Christmas. Those are not the things that have made our street what it is. I wish our street was part of the British Empire, I do."

"But it is!" cried her companion in great excitement. "It is! No street is too mean to form part of the great Empire that stretches from—"

"I don't think much of your Empire," interrupted the Baby, "if it's got a street like ours in it. However," she added dreamily, "it's not going to be like that for ever. By the time I'm grown up, there won't be a street like ours left in the Empire, and every day in the year will be a Happy Christmas, and all the babies in all the houses—"

"Indeed?" remarked her listener, sarcastically. "Am I to understand that you, madam, are going to effect this mighty change?"

"Yes, I am," was her reply. "I daresay the other girls will help," she added modestly. "I don't suppose I could do it quite alone."

The Bulldog was immensely amused. He even became slightly vulgar. "The Empire ruled by women! I don't think!" he chuckled.

"I do," retorted the Baby. "If boys and bulldogs can't make a better job of it than you've done, I think it's time we girls had a try. I know what I'm talking about," she added, "because the Fire God told me."

"Fire God?" repeated the Bulldog, in a puzzled tone. "You mean fire-guard, don't you?"

"That's the way Lloyd George's doctor man pronounced it," admitted the Baby; "but it's Fire God, really. I'll tell you all about it, if you like. The

fact is, I've been seeing life in the police court since you were last here."

"If there's a police court in it, it can't be a respectable story," objected the Bulldog. He was not sorry, however, when the Baby ruled this objection out of order.

"Of course it isn't respectable," she said. "Nobody can be respectable on sixteen shillings a week with seven-and-six-rent and fourpence Lloyd George and burial three-pence. But it's the sort of story that happens every day down our street. It began with vaccination. Mother said she would have no more of it, along of Bob having died of it. Dad said he would have died anyhow, 'cos of the milk being bad and not enough of it; but he said she could do as she liked, only she'd have to fill in the paper, dad not being a scholar. But the magistrate (who lives in a stuffy round place with a glass top to it, and doesn't know anything that goes on at home here) told her

she wasn't my parent, dad was my parent, and if he couldn't write it down he'd have to come and say I wasn't to be vaccinated. Then mother said he couldn't afford to lose half a day's work, and I said at the top of my voice that she was my parent, not dad, who doesn't have to clean the house with me tucked under one arm and all the others crying for their tea. But the magistrate didn't seem to understand. He said: "Four-and-six. Next case"; and mother cried and said she didn't see how ever she could, and a kind gentleman—at least, a policeman said he was a kind gentleman—said he would pay the four-and-six, and then I had better be vaccinated, and that would save any more trouble. So I was."

"As it should be," grunted the Bulldog. "The law must be fulfilled."

"But it wouldn't have been fulfilled if dad had known how to write," explained the Baby. "And it wasn't your arm, so you don't know how it hurts."

"I shouldn't mind it hurting," he declared grandly. "I should feel I was obeying the law I had helped to make."

"I wasn't, you see," the Baby pointed out. "I was being hurt by the law I hadn't helped to make. So was mother. That makes all the difference."

The Bulldog, being cornered, grew testy. "I don't see what all this has to do with the fireguard," he said.

"Fire God," corrected the Baby. "I'm coming to him. It was Saturday night, and my arm swelled up and pricked dreadfully; and mother was out shopping, and dad was at the club, and the others were dancing to the organ; and I was all alone here, in that corner by the fire, lying on dad's coat—the neighbour's lent us a pram now it's all over and done, as mother says—and suddenly, the Fire God began to talk to me."

"Remarkable thing!" commented her listener. "I never heard of a talking fireguard before, not even in private theatricals got up in aid of the Empire League."

"There was a great round hole in the fire," the Baby went on. "It was all red and gold and shining—and there, in the middle of it, I saw the Fire God. He had a beautiful wise face, and a kind smile, and waving hair like little flickers of flame. But his eyes were the wonderful part of him."

"What were his eyes like?" asked the Bulldog, just to humour her. Women always had to be humoured, he reflected, when they talked utter nonsense like this.

"They saw everything that had ever happened and everything that was going to happen. They saw all the mothers who had ever cried when magistrates told them their own babies didn't belong to them; and they saw all the children who had died because there was no air for them to breathe down the streets where they lived, and all the people who had gone away to prison because stealing was better than starving, and all the—"

"Come, come!" interrupted the Bulldog. "Let us be practical, my dear lady. How do you know he saw all that?"

The answer came in a mysterious whisper. "Because he lent me his eyes to see with. He only does it once in a hundred years, he says—and this time, I was the once. I shall never forget what I saw with the Fire God's eyes. But the other part was the best, the things that are going to happen. That was fine, if you like! No more streets in the whole world like ours, and no mothers crying, and no one making my dad work so hard that he hasn't got time to learn to write on bits of paper; and all the little girls born with crowns on their heads and flaming swords in their hands, and—"

"Hold hard!" barked the Bulldog. "You'll upset the British Empire if you go on like that."

"I mean to upset it," was the unabashed reply. "This one want's upsetting badly, seems to me! Me and the other girls are going to build up another Empire, and I shall be the one to show them how to do it, because I have seen the future with the Fire God's eyes."

The Bulldog felt uncomfortable. He always did when people were poetic. The Baby was being dreadfully poetic, he felt. So he changed the conversation.

"Hullo," he said, rising on his hind legs in order to get a better view of the Baby in the perambulator. "What are those bandages on your arms for?"

"That was where I tried to hug the Fire God," explained the Baby. "He looked so nice and friendly,



And Mother cried and said she didn't see how ever she could.

I had no idea he could bite. Then mother came in and screamed out loud, but she quite understood about the Fire God when I told her what had happened. The doctor man didn't understand; he called it fireguard, just as you do. And he said if I'd been burnt to death mother would have been put in prison. 'But I'm not the child's parent,' said my mother. 'Oh, yes, you are, if you neglect her,' says the doctor man; 'it's the mother's business to mind the baby and to see there's a fire-guard.' 'Oh, indeed!' says my mother. 'And who's to pay for it? And who's to do the Saturday shopping if I'm to stay at home and mind the baby?' 'I'll look in again tomorrow, and don't disturb the bandages,' said the doctor man. He's like you; he always changes the conversation when you ask him something he can't answer."



"It was all Red and Gold and Shining."

The Bulldog smiled indulgently and licked the little bandaged hand that hung over the side of the borrowed perambulator. "Next time I want amusing I'll come round for another of your fairy tales," he said.

"You won't be amused when I grow up and make my fairy tales come true," crowed the Baby.

The Bulldog trotted off. He never argued with

the Baby when she got what he called one of her ideas into her head. "Ta-ta!" he barked over his shoulder. "Can't waste any more time. My Christmas dinner's waiting."

"Mine isn't. But it will be when I've grown up and made my fairy tales come true," crowed the Baby who had seen the future with the Fire God's eyes.

DOGS, CATS, AND LICENCES

A New Page from an Ancient Classic

(With Apologies to Mrs. Markham.)

RICHARD: Pray, Mama, why is it that dogs are always called He, while cats are always called She?

MRS. MARKHAM: Because dogs are supposed to possess all the masculine qualities, dear child; and cats all the feminine qualities.

MARY: I do not understand, Mama.

MRS. M.: Well, dear child, you know that dogs are bigger and stronger than cats are. And they can learn clever tricks, as you saw when dear Papa took you to Mr. Astley's entertainment. And they run about the fields and woods, hunting and fighting, while the cat sits by the fire and plays with her kittens.

GEORGE: O Mama! Not all cats, surely! For Keeper Simpkins told me they go ever such a way in the woods all by themselves, and always find their way home again; but dogs get lost without their masters. And he said they hunted and caught all sorts of things; he was quite cross about it. And they do fight, too, Mama; for two were fighting under my window last night, and I couldn't get to sleep.

RICHARD: And they can learn tricks, Mama, if anybody will trouble to teach them; for uncle's cat can beg and open the door and do ever so many clever things.

GEORGE: And, pray, Mama, is it not easier to train a little kitten than to train a puppy? For when I wanted a puppy, you said—

MRS. M. (hastily): Yes, I know I did, dear child.

MARY: Pray, Mama, are dogs more valuable than cats?

MRS. M.: Yes, dear child.

MARY: Why, Mama?

MRS. M.: Er—er—Well, dear child, a dog is useful to guard its master's property from thieves.

MARY: Does Mrs. Robinson's pug guard Mrs. Robinson's property, Mama?

MRS. M. (rather shortly): No, dear child.

GEORGE: And it costs more to keep a dog than to keep a cat, doesn't it, Mama?

MRS. M.: Oh, yes, dear child. A dog must have special biscuits and bones, and a collar and a kennel—and must be brushed and washed every week, and exercised every day, or he gets ill. But a cat can look after herself and live on the scraps and sleep anywhere.

RICHARD: And, pray, Mama, if a dog is lost, doesn't a policeman find it and take care of it?

MRS. M.: Yes, dear child.

RICHARD: And if it bites anybody they wait till it's bitten somebody else before they punish it, don't they, Mama?

MRS. M.: Yes, dear child.

RICHARD: There are quite a lot of laws about dogs, aren't there, Mama?

MRS. M.: Yes, dear child.

MARY: So a dog is really much more expensive and much more trouble to everybody than a cat is. Pray, Mama, is that what makes it so valuable?

MRS. M.: Well—No, dear child. Not exactly. But, you see, a dog has a Licence.

MARY: Pray, Mama, what is that?

MRS. M.: A Licence, dear child, means that every dog belongs to the Nation as well as to its private owner. That is why no one dares to treat a dog unfairly, for fear the Nation will punish him.

RICHARD: Are there Licences for dogs in all the other countries besides England, Mama?

MRS. M.: No, dear child.

RICHARD: What happens to the dogs in those other countries, Mama?

MRS. M.: They run about wild in packs, living on whatever rubbish they can pick up; and they bite people, and fight among themselves, and altogether cause a terrible commotion.

GEORGE: Were the dogs in England like that before they had their Licences, Mama?

MRS. M.: Yes, dear child.

GEORGE: Pray, Mama, why did the Nation give them their Licences, then?

MRS. M.: Because they got to be such a nuisance, dear child.

MARY: Pray, Mama, if the cats ran about in packs and bit everybody, would the Nation give them Licences, too?

MRS. M.: Perhaps so, dear child. But first of all the Nation would probably send policemen with guns to try and get rid of them.

GEORGE: You mean kill them, don't you, Mama?

MRS. M.: Yes, dear child.

GEORGE: That would be very difficult, wouldn't it? For each cat would have to be killed nine times over. Wouldn't it be better to give them their Licences before they began to be a nuisance, Mama?

MRS. M.: Possibly, dear child.

MARY: Wouldn't the poor cats be much better treated if they had their Licences, Mama?

MRS. M.: So some people say, dear child.

MARY: Pray, Mama, isn't the Nation very silly?

MRS. M. (losing patience with her family for the first time on record): Oh, drat you, dear child!

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THE SWORD

*Christ is born in Bethlehem!
A crown of thorns His diadem!*

Out of the frail is born the strong,
Out of the pain is born the song,
Out of the dream is born the fight,
Out of our love is born our might.
Into our hearts such love is poured
That each of us is turned a sword,
A sword whose pity shows no ruth,
A sword whose passionate cause is Truth,
A sword which cleaves the blackest night,
And leaves behind its trail of light,
And smites its enemies to earth
That Christ once more may come to birth.

*Christ is born in Bethlehem!
A crown of thorns His diadem!*

O all ye men who Him adore,
In His hand a sword He bore!
All the laws of men He broke,
Flaming words of scorn He spoke.
He shattered creeds, and priests, and powers,
And in their ashes sowed His flowers,
And, hand in hand with two or three,
He preached God's gospel of the free!

Ring out the old, ring in the young,
Hail to the flower so swiftly sprung!
Hail to the wind that blasts the world!
Hail to our flag, by the wind unfurled.
Ring in the eternal truth reborn!
Sing the song of the crown of thorn,
Out into battle-unafraid!
Sing the song of the burning blade!

*Christ is born in Bethlehem!
A crown of thorns His diadem!*

Irene M'Leod.

LIBERALS UNEASY

MR. F. D. ACLAND REVIEWS HIS POSITION AS MEMBER OF THE GOVERNMENT

Mr. F. D. Acland, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, addressing a meeting of Young Liberals at Farnworth on November 27, said:—

I think that by far the most important thing that we have yet to do with regard to completing our democratic machinery is to enfranchise women. (Cheers.) I notice that my friend Mr. Lloyd George has recently said that militancy has put back the cause of women's suffrage. That statement is perfectly true, but I do not think it is quite the whole truth. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been so busy with his glorious work with regard to the land that he is not perhaps quite up to date on the subject. In saying that, I suggest, of course, no sort of criticism. One can only feel how things are going by doing active work. Mr. Lloyd George has been otherwise engaged doing very splendid and active work with regard to the land, and he has had no time to feel the pulse of the community on the question of women's suffrage.

A Much Surer View of Militancy

It so happens that I have spoken a good deal on the subject in the early part of the year, and again recently, and I find now a much surer view prevails generally about militancy. In the spring people were saying, "So long as militancy continues we will absolutely refuse to consider the question on its merits." But now, though people regard militancy as just as foolish and criminal as before, yet I believe they are beginning to get a little bored with it, and people are feeling that they are bound to consider the question of the extension of the suffrage and of citizenship to women seriously as a necessary extension of democracy, in spite of the fact that there is a little militant madness every now and then. The Liberal audiences that I have been happy to address realise, of course, that the Government can do nothing further during this Parliament, because the Cabinet is equally divided on the subject.

The Liberalism of the Future

But there is a growing determination that women's suffrage on a democratic basis must be an essential part of the Liberalism of the future. I am proud

that it is an accepted part of the policy of the League of Young Liberals. I should not have been president of this branch and president of the central branch in London if it had not been so. I believe that if great Liberal leaders will lead on this subject as on others there will be a tremendous response from the country. It is possible to lay down the lines of future advance at the present time, and I say for myself—and I hope there are others of far more importance than I—that I shall be unable permanently to adhere to a Liberalism which refuses to treat women as citizens. (Cheers.)

"THE SECOND ELEVEN"

Mr. Acland, speaking again on Thursday in last week to the Tottenham and Wood Green Women's Liberal Association on "The Position of Women in the Liberal Party," said with regard to woman suffrage that it was to be remembered that half the Cabinet were strongly in favour of it, while the "second eleven"—those members of the Government outside the Cabinet—were in favour of it by possibly eighteen to three.

"A Selected Class of Male Persons"

"We intend to abolish plural voting," he proceeded, "before we have another General Election. When the Lords rejected the Budget we said 'We will appeal to the people,' but we did not appeal to the people. We only appealed to a selected class of male persons. They could not condemn the Suffrage movement because of the Parkhursts any more than they could condemn trade unionism because of Larkin."

IMPORTANT ACTION BY WOMEN LIBERALS

An Association on Strike

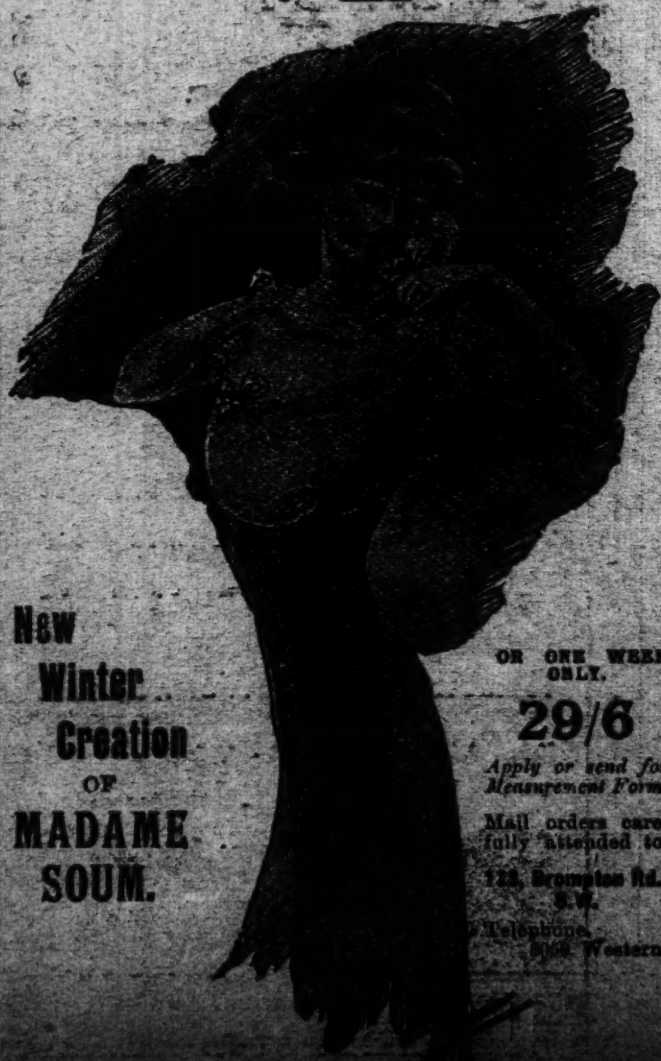
The Ely Women's Liberal Association has carried by a two-thirds majority a resolution moved by its president, Miss Julia Kennedy, deciding, in consequence of the treatment of the suffrage question by the Government, to withdraw officially from all party work until a measure for the enfranchisement of women is either carried or placed on the Liberal programme.

Individual members are left free by the resolution, but it is binding on the whole Ely Association as a body.

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GOVERNMENT METHODS

BRUTALITY AT MR. CHURCHILL'S MEETING

An army of stewards had been engaged at Limehouse last week, when Mr. Churchill and Mr. Masterman went there to speak. They were arranged in rows all round the hall in anticipation of the presence of men and women who might come to remind Cabinet Ministers that half the people of this country are suffering under a great injustice. It was, says the *Manchester Guardian*, "the one drop of bitter in the cup." To us, the presence of these courageous Suffragists was the one drop of sweet in a cup that has been made all too bitter by eight years of Liberal mismanagement of a great question.

An Account of What Happened

A correspondent writes:—

The first man to make a protest was ejected after a fierce fight of twenty minutes, during which the stewards tried to throw him over the gallery. Mrs. Watkins, a Stepney woman who has recently moved into Bow and Bromley, was given a black eye and a heavy blow under the jaw; her arms were so much bruised and twisted that next morning she was unable to move them at all. She was kicked about the legs so that now she can scarcely walk. Her coat was torn in many places.

A young man named Schnack, who sat at the end of the row, urged the stewards to let her walk out quietly, whereupon they fell upon him, and his face was soon swollen and distorted and covered with blood. Meanwhile, the stewards were proceeding to throw Mrs. Watkins down the stairs, but a man sympathiser caught her and carried her outside. Numbers of other women, including Mrs. McChain, Mrs. Wilson, and Mrs. Percival, an elderly woman, were brutally ill-treated, and dozens of people protested by leaving the hall as each eviction was made. One woman was seized by two stewards, who held her arms stretched out whilst a third pummelled her face with his fists. She was

taken in a stunned condition to a neighbouring doctor.

The Doctor's Evidence

This astonishing account of violence and brutality is borne out by the following statement, signed by Dr. Elizabeth Wilks: "I have examined Mrs. Watkins, who, I am informed, was ejected from a meeting last evening. Her appearance suggests that she is suffering from severe shock. She informs me that she has several times to-day vomited blood. Her general condition would be explained by the occurrence of hæmorrhage, the result of a kick over the stomach, which she tells me she received. The arm is swollen and painful, owing to an effusion of blood beneath the biceps muscle. The four distinct finger-marks on the arm plainly show that great violence was used in an attempt either to twist the arm, or to drive the fingers into the muscle. There is another large bruise on the leg. There is no doubt that very considerable violence has been used, but it is not possible to give at present an estimate of the extent or likely duration of her injuries."

(Signed) ELIZABETH WILKS.
November 28, 1913.

A Working-Man's Experience

Another correspondent writes:—

It was my intention to put a question, but the screams of the women were so heart-rending that I left my seat in the gallery and got to the rescue of one poor soul who was being kicked by the stewards—a Mrs. Watkins, whom I took home. And the sight outside the hall was horrible—women with blood streaming down their faces, and a mere lad, for saying, "Don't hurt the women," was struck in the face by powerful men. How he got home I don't know, for he seemed dazed.

Police Assistance!

Another account we have received from a Suffragist, who was ejected, says: A police officer to whom the man appealed as the stewards were attacking him on the stairs refused any assistance, and even when, with clothes dishevelled and torn, he was flung out of the building, an inspector came up to him and kicked him.

Crocodile Tears

No doubt it is a great consolation to Mrs. Watkins and the others thrown out

with her, to know that Mr. Churchill watched the scene "with a look of great pain" (see *Liberal Press*), and that he adjured the stewards to see that women interrupters were not hurt, because "women are sacred, and must always be protected, even in circumstances of provocation."

WHAT WAS HE AFRAID OF?

The following extract from the *Leeds Mercury* (November 27) will give our readers some idea of the way Great Britain's chief Minister addresses a public meeting in 1913:—

"The number of ladies who will be admitted to the Coliseum is to be strictly limited. They will be confined to wives of members of Parliament and Parliamentary candidates, and duly accredited women delegates to the Federation meetings, and these will be accommodated in specially reserved portions of the hall. Under these circumstances it is hardly likely that any of the 'militants' will be able to gain admittance to the meeting. It is also announced that there is to be no overflow meeting."

Why have a meeting at all?

'DISGUISED AS A GENTLEMAN'

Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington was the only militant Suffragist who succeeded in gaining admission to Mr. Bonar Law's meeting in Dublin last Friday, whence he was ejected for asking the speaker why he had refused to receive the woman Suffragists. Asked how it was that the stewards had allowed him to pass in, he replied: "I was disguised as a gentleman."

A MESSAGE TO THE KING

Last Saturday morning, as the King and Queen were passing through Chester-le-Street on their way from Lambton Castle to Durham Station, a local Suffragist stepped forward and threw a message into the King's car. On the wrapper enclosing a copy of the *Suffragette* were the words:—

"To His Majesty King George. A message from the women of England. We pray you to set your veto on forcible feeding and the 'Cat and Mouse' Act. Votes for women in the next King's Speech!"

The incident created quite a stir in the town. The authorities for once accepted the ruling of the Bill of Rights, and the woman was not arrested for presenting her petition.

MILITANCY FOR OTHER PEOPLE

"At such a moment," says the leading article in last Sunday's *Observer*, "moderate men lose all weight and usefulness unless they show themselves not afraid of the struggle they have done their utmost to avert. The moderation which cannot fight, but passes into submission, pliancy, and impotence when rebuffed, is a quality which ceases to possess either the male or the female virtues. Since it is not to be negotiation, it must be conflict."

Does this refer to the militancy of woman suffragists? Oh dear no! Newspaper heroics about rebellion are always reserved for men's party questions, never for the women's struggle for human freedom.

STUDENT AND SUFFRAGIST

A Contrast in the Point of View

It is, perhaps, worth while contrasting the attitude of the Law towards young men who attempt to do serious damage to property for the sake of what is known as a "rag" with that assumed towards young men who make a similar attempt as a political protest in support of a great principle. The students who, on the occasion of Mr. Larkin's meeting at the Albert Hall, damaged telephones and electric lighting plant with intent to plunge the Hall in darkness, were discharged by Mr. Horace Smith at Westminster Police Court in consideration of the harm that a conviction would do to their career—and this in spite of the magistrate's remark that "there was folly on the occasion in question so great as, in his judgment, to amount to positive wickedness."

Compare this leniency with the sentence of one year's hard labour which was given to Mr. Harry Johnson, a journalist, at Doncaster Assizes, on July 22 last, for being found on premises with a tin can of paraffin and cotton wool in his possession. Why was nothing said about his "career"? Of course, he was a Suffragist, and therefore a political opponent of the present Government.

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COMPARISON OF PUNISHMENTS

LIGHT SENTENCES

Cross Cruelty to a Child

The *Manchester Guardian* (November 20) reports case of a cardroom jobber, summoned at the Heywood Borough Court for thrashing his niece, aged 10. She was stripped naked, tied down to a bed, and thrashed with the buckle end of a strap. Twenty-two bruises were found on her body, and she was afterwards seen to be bleeding from mouth and ears, and to be in a state of extreme terror.

The defence was that the child had stolen, and had lied deliberately.

The Chairman of the Bench considered the appeal of defendant's counsel (Why?), and decided to give him the opportunity of avoiding going to prison (Why?).

Sentence: Fined £5 and costs, or in default two months' imprisonment.

Killing a Sheep Dog's Nose

The *Yorkshire Weekly Post* (November 22) reports case of a farmer and his son, charged at Wighton before the Bench of magistrates with cruelty to a sheep-dog by ringing its nose. A piece of strong wire was pushed through the membranes of the nose and the ends twisted forklike, so that when the dog bit at sheep the wire caught in the wool and the pain caused it to desist. The Bench intimated that the practice must be stopped!

Sentence: Payment of costs only.

Assaulting a Wife

The *Glasgow Weekly Mail* (November 29) reports case of a man charged at Dundee Police Court with assaulting his wife by striking her on the mouth and nose. The reason alleged was that he became suddenly jealous of a guest who had had supper with them, though he had left the house and there was no foundation for the suspicion. The Bailie, advising defendant not to invite people to the house of whom he was jealous, dismissed the case.

ARE MAGISTRATES CREEPING UP?

In a case at the Thames Police Court, reported in last Monday's *Daily Herald*, a dock labourer who was given fourteen days for assaulting his wife, is reported to have said that "women were like donkeys; they wanted a good ash stick."

Mr. Clarke Hall at once replied: "I am afraid your idea on the subject is somewhat out of date. Your wife is not your slave."

We welcome any sign of improvement in magistrates; at the same time, if magistrates were not so ready to condone the action of wife-beaters by almost invariably giving them lighter sentences than those given in cases of petty theft, begging, and soliciting, Mr. Clarke Hall's rebuke would not have been necessary.

THE LEGAL VALUE OF SUGAR AND CHILDREN

The following illuminating passage is taken from the *Scottish Prohibitionist* (September 20):—

To the average man the workings of the judicial mind is somewhat of a mystery. The reason on which he bases his sentences would be interesting to know. In the Dundee Sheriff Court Hon. Sheriff J. M. Gray sentenced a man to forty days' imprisonment for stealing two pounds of sugar, and on the same day he sentenced another man—save the mark!—to fourteen days' imprisonment, or a fine of two guineas, for assaulting a little girl. The ordinary individual is driven to the conclusion, judging by the sentences given,

HEAVY SENTENCES

Stealing and Forging a Cheque

The *Times* (November 15) reports case of a fitter, charged at Bristol Assizes before Justice Horridge with stealing and forging a cheque, also with being an habitual criminal. He was on licence in respect of a previous sentence of penal servitude.

Sentence: Three years' penal servitude and five years' detention.

Stealing a Horse and Van

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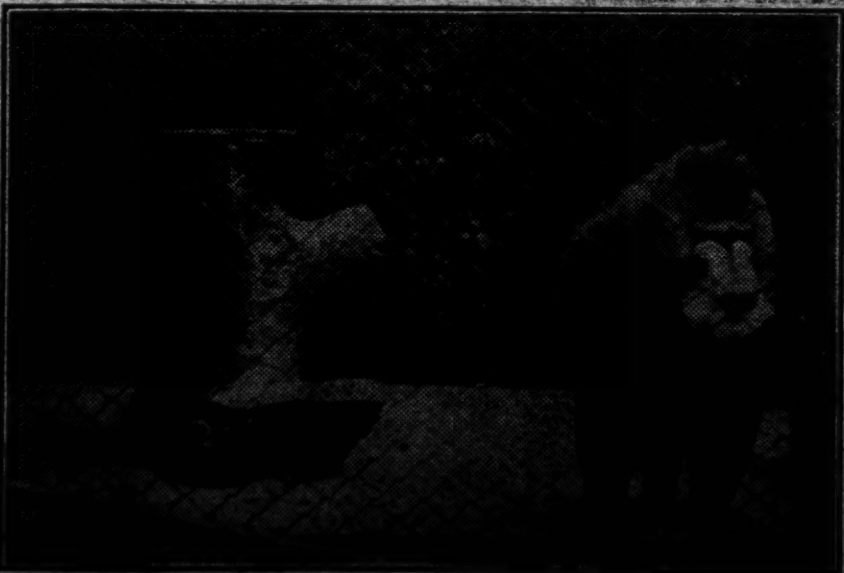
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Judge Cluer: Yes, pay her.—*Daily News*.

THE PHYSICAL FORCE ARGUMENT



A correspondent, who sends us the above picture, writes:—

After reading extracts from Sir Almonst Wright's latest learned treatise on physical force, I am convinced that the physical force argument is the only one that has any chance of success.

veloped any theory of physical force during his residence in London; and also if a trial of strength between the two gentlemen, resulting in the survival of the fittest, would help to settle the question of a permanent day of peace.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN" FELLOWSHIP

4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

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COMPARISON OF PUNISHMENTS

LIGHT SENTENCES

Gross Cruelty to a Child

The *Manchester Guardian* (November 20) reports case of a cardroom jobber, summoned at the Heywood Borough Court for thrashing his niece, aged 10. She was stripped naked, tied down to a bed, and thrashed with the buckle end of a strap. Twenty-two bruises were found on her body, and she was afterwards seen to be bleeding from mouth and ears, and to be in a state of extreme terror.

The defence was that the child had stolen, and had lied deliberately.

The Chairman of the Bench considered the appeal of defendant's counsel (Why?), and decided to give him the opportunity of avoiding going to prison (Why?).

Sentence: Fined £5 and costs, or in default two months' imprisonment.

Ringing a Sheep Dog's Nose

The *Yorkshire Weekly Post* (November 22) reports case of a farmer and his son, charged at Wighton before the Bench of magistrates with cruelty to a sheep-dog by ringing its nose. A piece of strong wire was pushed through the membranes of the nose and the ends twisted forklike, so that when the dog bit at sheep the wire caught in the wool and the pain caused it to desist. The Bench intimated that the practice must be stopped!

Sentence: Payment of costs only.

Assaulting a Wife

The *Glasgow Weekly Mail* (November 29) reports case of a man charged at Dundee Police Court with assaulting his wife by striking her on the mouth and nose. The reason alleged was that he became suddenly jealous of a guest who had had supper with them, though he had left the house and there was no foundation for the suspicion. The Bailie, advising defendant not to invite people to the house of whom he was jealous, dismissed the case.

ARE MAGISTRATES CREEPING UP?

In a case at the Thames Police Court, reported in last Monday's *Daily Herald*, a dock labourer who was given fourteen days for assaulting his wife, is reported to have said that "women were like donkeys; they wanted a good ash stick."

Mr. Clarke Hall at once replied: "I am afraid your idea on the subject is somewhat out of date. Your wife is not your slave."

We welcome any sign of improvement in magistrates; at the same time, if magistrates were not so ready to condone the action of wife-beaters by almost invariably giving them lighter sentences than those given in cases of petty theft, begging, and soliciting, Mr. Clarke Hall's rebuke would not have been necessary.

THE LEGAL VALUE OF SUGAR AND CHILDREN

The following illuminating passage is taken from the *Scottish Prohibitionist* (September 20):—

To the average man the workings of the judicial mind is somewhat of a mystery. The reason on which he bases his sentences would be interesting to know. In the Dundee Sheriff Court Hon. Sheriff J. M. Gray sentenced a man to forty days' imprisonment for stealing two pounds of sugar, and on the same day he sentenced another man—save the mark!—to fourteen days' imprisonment, or a fine of two guineas, for assaulting a little girl. The ordinary individual is driven to the conclusion, judging by the sentences given,

HEAVY SENTENCES

Stealing and Forgery a Cheque

The *Times* (November 15) reports case of a fitter, charged at Bristol Assizes before Justice Horridge with stealing and forging a cheque, also with being an habitual criminal. He was on licence in respect of a previous sentence of penal servitude.

Sentence: Three years' penal servitude and five years' detention.

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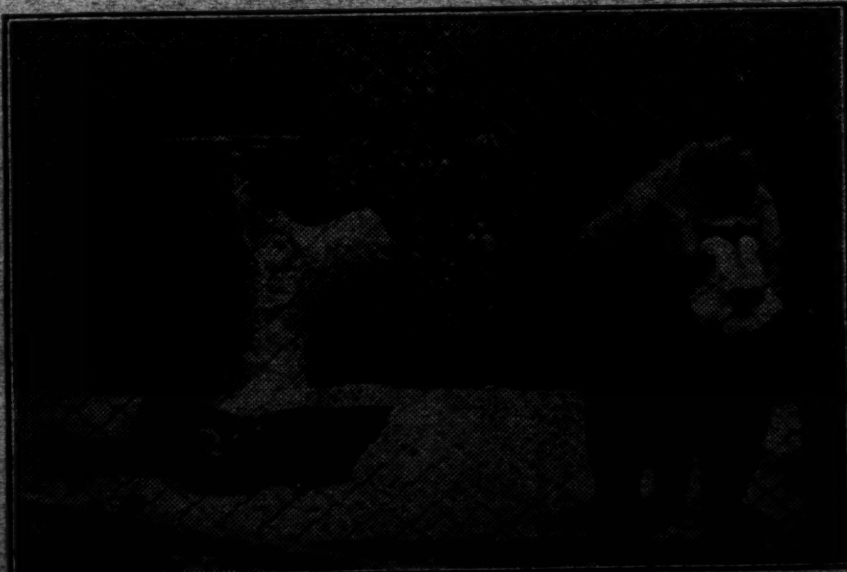
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veloped any theory of physical force during his residence in London, and also if a trial of strength between the two gentlemen, resulting in the survival of the fittest, would have taken place, and if it had, it would have been a very interesting event.

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THE PEOPLE'S FOOD

TUBERCULOUS MILK

"The Law Ought to be Altered"

As an instance of defective law where the milk supply of the public is in question, a case occurring in Hyde the other day calls for notice. At a meeting of the Hyde Town Council on November 27, steps were taken under Section 4 of the Infectious Disease Prevention Act, 1890, in reference to a case of diphtheria which arose, it was alleged by the medical officer, from milk supplied by a farm where one of the cows suffered from a tuberculous udder, and where the water supply was contaminated.

In seconding a resolution, which was carried, to prevent milk from being sent from that particular farm into the town until the farm was put into a satisfactory sanitary condition, Councillor Bury made the remark that the law ought to be altered so as to enable local authorities to take effective action immediately under such circumstances. It was two or three weeks since the farm was inspected, he said.

Wanted—The Woman's Vote

Undoubtedly, a law that permits contaminated milk to spread disease among consumers for two or three weeks before steps can be taken to stop its circulation does demand alteration. But will it be altered until women are able to bring pressure to bear upon Governments that at present shelve Milk Bills and similar legislation session after session?

SALICYLIC ACID IN RAISIN WINE

The presence of what was described as a "dangerous drug" in raisin wine formed the subject of a summons at the Ampthill Division Petty Sessions on October 2, when a grocer was summoned for selling non-alcoholic raisin wine containing .087 per cent. of salicylic acid, equal to 1.6 grains per pint. Medical evidence was given to the effect that the official dose of salicylic acid was 5 to 20 grains, that it was a "potent drug," exercising special effects upon certain people, and that even 1 or 2 grains might be dangerous to certain people. The defence was that it was used as a preservative, since non-alcoholic wine would not keep when opened unless some preservative were used.

The Bench imposed a fine of 10s. and £13 11s. costs.

THE CARRIAGE OF FOOD

The carriage of food, as well as its actual composition, calls loudly for legislative action in this country. This is particularly noticeable in the case of bread,

which is given every opportunity of absorbing microbes and dirt by the time it reaches the consumer's table, and in milk.

Why Astonished?

Speaking at a meeting of the Manchester and District Milk Dealers' Protection Society the other day, Mr. A. Liddell Bridge said that the methods adopted by railways in the transport of milk were primitive to a degree; and in a letter contributed to the *Manchester Guardian* a correspondent comments on the same thing, and says: "I am astonished that the authorities have allowed it for so long."

We are not astonished. What else would you expect in a country where women, the mothers of the babies who are the principal consumers of milk, have no power to coerce the authorities into taking action?

MILITANT TAX RESISTANCE

Following upon the battering open of several doors and the forcible invasion of Mrs. Harvey's house at Bromley by a tax collector on November 25, came the announcement that a sale of distrained goods would be held there on Saturday last. A poster parade of men was organised, which paraded the town during the day, and a most successful meeting was held in the Market Square in the evening, all the speakers being men. Mrs. Harvey issued a manifesto protesting as a mother, a business woman, and a human being against the seizure of her goods for non-payment of taxes.

The sale was held in Mrs. Harvey's dining-room, or it would be more correct to say that an attempt was made to hold a sale. A large number of men and women sympathisers were present, who made speeches setting forth the illegality of the whole proceedings. Then when the first lot was offered, a sideboard, all bid together, unanimously offering "One penny." Eventually someone was found who bid £9, but it soon became impossible for the auctioneer to proceed, and the sale had to be abandoned. So the auctioneer left, saying that he would be the loser of £7 for failing to complete his work, but he took the £9 for the sideboard, which itself remained in Mrs. Harvey's possession.

THE ENFRANCHISED SEX

Old John S., laboriously walking down to vote, was met by an intimate friend, who said:

"Why, John, I'm surprised to see you here, I thought you never voted."
John: "Well, I haven't cast a vote for thirty year, but I came down here to cast a vote against that crazy woman's suffrage amendment. Why, they wouldn't ever use the vote if they had it."
—Life.

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Ilex 6-button length,
elastic wrists, Tan,
Slate, and Black, lined
wool, 11/6

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ditto, all silk on par-
tridge crook sticks,
silver mounts, 10/6

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Actresses' Franchise League,
2, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Artists' Suffrage League,
253, King's Road, S.W.

Australian and New Zealand Women
Veterans' Association,
6, International Women's Franchise Club,
2, Grafton Street, W.

Catholic Women's Suffrage Society,
35, Barnet Street, Oxford Street, W.

Church League for Women's Suffrage,
6, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.

Civil Service Suffrage Society,
13, Bolnisi Road, Highbury.

Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise
Association,
4, Dover Street, W.

Federated Council of Women's Suffrage
Societies,
14 St. James' Street, S.W.

Forward Olympic Suffrage Union,
13, Wandsworth Bridge Road, S.W.

Free Church League for Women's Suffrage,
1, Holborn View, Upper Clapton.

Friends' League for Women's Suffrage,
Walden, Gloucester.

Gymnastic Teachers' Suffrage Society,
1, York Place, Oxford Road, Manchester.

International Suffrage Shop,
11, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

International Women's Suffrage Alliance,
1, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

International Women's Franchise Club,
2, Grafton Street, W.

Irish League for Women's Suffrage,
The Union of the Free Press Club, 1, John
Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Irishwomen's Franchise League,
Antient Concert Buildings, 61, Brunswick St.,
Dublin.

Irishwomen's Reform League,
10, South Anne Street, Dublin.

Irishwomen's Suffrage and Local Govern-
ment Association,
163, Rathgar Road, Dublin.

Irishwomen's Suffrage Federation,
10, South Anne Street, Dublin.

Irishwomen's Suffrage Society,
17, Donegal Place, Belfast.

Jewish League for Women's Suffrage,
14, Hyde Park Gardens, W.

League of Justice,
11, South Merton Street, W.

London Guildwomen's Union for Women's
Suffrage,
Queen's Gate, Kensington.

Manchester and District Women's
Suffrage,
Victoria Road, Manchester.

Men's Federation for Women's Suffrage,
34 and 35, Ludgate Chambers, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Men's League for Women's Suffrage,
13, St. Stephen's House, Westminster.

Men's Political Union for Women's Enfran-
chisement,
15, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

Men's Society for Women's Rights,
65, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, W.C.

Monstar Women's Franchise League,
33, Grand Parade, Cork.

National Industrial and Professional
Women's Suffrage Society,
5, John Dalton Street, Manchester.

National Political League,
Bank Buildings, 14, St. James' Street, S.W.

National Union of Women's Suffrage
Societies,
14, St. Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.

New Constitutional Society for Women's
Suffrage,
4, Park Mansions Arcade, Knightsbridge.

Northern Men's Federation for Women's
Suffrage,
6, Wellington Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

People's Suffrage Federation,
31-3, Queen Anne's Chambers, Tothill St., S.W.

Scottish Churches League for Women's
Suffrage,
11, Howe Street, Edinburgh.

Scottish Federation for Women's Suffrage,
2, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

Spiritual Militancy League,
46, Queen's Road, Baywater, W.

Suffrage Atelier,
Office: 1, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.
Studio: 4, Stanlake Villa, Shepherd's Bush, W.

Suffrage Club,
1, York Street, St. James', S.W.

"Suffrage First" Committee,
47, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

Suffragist Churchwomen's Protest Com-
mittee,
31, Downside Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.

United Religious Women's Suffrage Societies,
11, Broom's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C.

Women's Tax Resistance League,
47, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

Women's Sanitary Inspectors' Suffrage
Society,
13, Bunsford Avenue, W.

Women's Freedom League,
1, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Women's Moral Co-operation for Freedom,
10, Southfield Road, Hammersmith.

Women's Social and Political Union,
1, Queen's Inn House, Highgate, W.C.

Women's Tax Resistance League,
10, Broom's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C.

Women's Teachers' Franchise Union,
11, South Merton Street, W.

Women's Workers' Suffrage League,
Queen's Buildings, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT

IN THE COURTS

Thursday, November 27.—At the Assize Court, Kingston-on-Thames, summoned for non-payment of dog licence for the current year, Miss Isabelle Stewart, B.Sc., not present in person; fined £2, and in default a distraint.

At the Manchester Assizes, charged with causing an explosion, Mr. and Mrs. Baines and their son, Mrs. Baines reported "missing," having been released on licence. Mr. Baines and son discharged.

Friday, November 28.—At the Dublin Police Court, charged with obstructing and assaulting the police, Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington, bound over, and in default seven days' imprisonment; refused to be bound over.

At Leeds, charged on remand with attempting to fire a football stand, Suffragists "A" and "B," committed for trial, in custody.

At Leeds, charged with breaking windows in the Labour Exchange, Mrs. Cohen and another unknown woman; remanded in custody.

Monday, December 1.—At Dublin, charged with assault, Mrs. Emerson, and with obstruction, Miss Houston; case adjourned for a week.

THE FINGER PRINT OUTRAGE

The two Suffragists, described as A and B, who were committed for trial at Leeds last Friday, made a statement in Court of the treatment they had suffered in prison, which they signed, and which the stipendiary magistrate said should be forwarded to the Home Office. After hunger striking for two days, one of them said the doctor came with several wardresses and told her he had orders to have her finger-prints taken. On her refusing to be treated as a criminal in this way, the governor threatened to use male warders in order to make her submit to the operation. She added that after an ineffectual attempt had been made both by men and women warders to take an impression of her fingers, "four men were called in to use violence upon me. They bent my arms back and my fingers also, and pushed their thumb-nails up my nails to make me open my fingers. They tried several times, and I suppose they thought they got some sort of an impression."

The second woman told a similar story. She had resisted the warders, who seized her. She had broken all the windows of her cell as a protest against the insult offered her.

And all this was done to women (political offenders by the way) who were at that time still on remand, and were already weakened by a hunger strike of three days!

A Man's Finger Prints

Mr. Robson Paige, who was recently imprisoned for obstruction, which, as he points out in a letter to us, is a misdemeanour and not even technically a "crime," was also made to submit by force to this insult when in Pentonville Gaol.

POLICE METHODS AGAIN

Unjust Arrest of Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington

Mrs. Kathleen Emerson, Secretary of the Irish Women's Franchise League, has addressed a letter to the Lord Lieutenant, in which she alleges that a gross miscarriage of justice has taken place in the case of Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington, who was arrested outside the house in which Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law were lunching last Friday, and was charged with assaulting a police sergeant. Mrs. Skeffington denied the charge, and brought a counter-charge of assault against the policeman which the magistrate refused to hear. She therefore refused to give bail, was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment,

and is now hunger striking in Mountjoy Prison.

Mrs. Emerson, in her letter, asserts that the false charge was brought by the policeman to cover his own violence. "This," she writes, "was sworn by Mrs. Connery, and can be borne out by the Press photographers who were present." She is at present under the care of the prison doctor for the injuries she sustained at the hands of Sergeant Thomas, which cause her considerable suffering. The gravest results to her health are to be feared if she is compelled to continue to serve her sentence under these conditions.

Mrs. Emerson Arrested

Mrs. Emerson and Miss Houston were arrested last Sunday when holding a protest meeting outside Mountjoy Prison, the former on a similar charge of assault. The case has been adjourned for a week, and Miss Houston will apply for a summons against the policeman, who, she alleges, struck her on the mouth.

MRS. PANKHURST'S RETURN

Mrs. Pankhurst was expected to arrive at Plymouth in the *Majestic* on Wednesday, after we went to Press, and at Paddington on Thursday morning. It was stated at the weekly meeting of the Women's Social and Political Union, held last Monday, that it was not thought possible that the Government would attempt to re-arrest Mrs. Pankhurst; but if the attempt should be made, a bodyguard of women were prepared to defend her. They would meet her at Plymouth, where there were also dockyard men ready to support them.

THE VULGAR JOKE

The presentment of woman as a vulgar joke is not quite dead, though militant Suffrage has very nearly killed it. Sir William Priestley, M.P., addressing a Bradford meeting last week on the subject of wages, was asked by a woman in the audience, "What about the women?"

"The women," answered Sir William Priestley, "are more beautiful to-day than ever they were, when they behave themselves."

We think that when women have won their votes they will see to it that men are returned to Parliament who, when asked a serious question about underpaid women workers, will not dare to evade answering it by making a vulgar personal allusion which has no bearing upon the subject.

Women and Servants

Another time-worn jest about women was revived a day or two ago in the announcement that only unmarried men are being employed in building a certain new yacht, the design of which is to be kept secret. Very little amusement, however, greeted this ancient quip in the Press, and this was not surprising in view of the recent history of women in this country. We fancy that the C.I.D. department of Scotland Yard, who have failed so completely to trace the whereabouts of so many victims of the "Cat and Mouse" Act, would not be very ready to assert just now that women cannot keep a secret.

FORCIBLE FEEDING

We understand that Miss Rachel Peace is still being forcibly fed in Holloway Gaol. Up to the time of going to Press, the three anonymous Suffragist prisoners who are hunger striking at Leeds have not been released.

THE SUFFRAGISTS' INTERCESSION

An Impression

This cold and misty November Sunday morning saw a large and prominent Non-conformist church in the centre of one of our Northern manufacturing cities somewhat scantily filled with men and women of all conditions of life. Many there had come from habit of years, some for the service, some to hear the preacher, and

others probably interested in the text of the sermon.

The service ran the usual course, the text was given out and enlarged upon, those famous words of Luther: "Here stand I; I can none other, so help me God," being repeated more than once to illustrate the theme; the last hymn was sung, the Benediction given, when, all at once, a sound was heard of voices chanting, starting low, but increasing in strength with the love and appeal which thrilled their prayer.

"Oh God, save Rachel Peace, Mary Richardson, Annie Kenney, Sylvia Pankhurst, and all those being tortured and persecuted for conscience' sake. Amen!" The intensity of religious feeling in that beautifully intoned appeal must have struck all those around with the depth of devotion which inspired it, and many remained in an attitude of prayer till the chant died away.

The dignity and reverence of this solemn

utterance showed more clearly, in one short moment than many services and sermons might teach, true religion overcoming dogmas, creeds, and all the smaller conventions.

J. H. M.

A PRESS COMMENT.

Whether forcible feeding in prison is employed as a punitive measure or not, it is a demoniacal and a brutalising torture to which no human being in a civilised country should be subjected, and men who support and inflict such torture cannot be classed as civilised human beings. To be of the highest value to the community, the profession of medicine must be based on deep and tender human sympathy. This, no doubt, is the reason women have appealed to the President of the Royal College of Physicians. — *British Journal of Nursing*.

CORRESPONDENCE

WOMEN REBELS IN 1819

To the Editors of *VOTES FOR WOMEN*.

Dear Editors,—Reading in a local history the account of the famous Peterloo meeting in Manchester in 1819, I have been struck by the following paragraph, and I am sure suffragists will be amused at the appended footnote:

"It is calculated that over 80,000 persons were present, including men, women, and children, processions having been formed from all the surrounding towns and villages. According to the evidence given at the trial of Henry Hunt, the Stockport contingent amounted to 5,000 men, in addition to a female association attended by a band of music. (Footnote:—The establishment of these female associations for political purposes was looked upon with considerable alarm, on account of the natural influence of women upon the young. Indeed, so far did this fear extend that the authorities of the Stockport Sunday School presented to the magistrates in Petty Sessions on August 12, 1819, an address, expressive of their loyalty and their determination to persevere in instructing the rising generation to 'fear God and honour the King,' and to support every measure adopted to put down this excitement, and, more particularly, to discountenance these 'female establishments' for demoralising the rising generation.")

After the passing of a century, the same fear still appears to fill certain minds! Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) GRACE HYDE.

Bredbury Hall, near Stockport.

TITLES FOR WOMEN

A Man's Suggestion

To the Editors of *VOTES FOR WOMEN*.

Dear Editors,—In spite of the service Miss Florence Nightingale rendered to men, no title of distinction was conferred on her—in other words she was not knighted. Are women going to allow such injustice to be repeated? They may reply that they are unable to bring pressure to bear on the Sovereign's advisers, and must perforce put up with it. Therefore, may I suggest that women take the matter into their own hands and confer their own knighthoods? As an example of what I mean, why should not the many actresses who think that Miss Ellen Terry should have been knighted long ago address and speak of her as Lady Ellen Terry? Again, why should not those members of the Women's Freedom League who think Mrs. Despard quite as worthy of knighthood as

many men who have been knighted, knight her? There are, of course, many other women equally, and perhaps more deserving, than those mentioned, and I only quote the above to illustrate my meaning.

No doubt there are some who would not think the honour so great as if conferred by the King, but may I give it as my opinion that to be knighted (or its equivalent) by those actually associated with one in one's work or calling is the greatest honour possible? At any rate, it would call attention to the slight put upon women by the Sovereign's advisers (who, as you know, are always men), and they might possibly reconsider their position.

In conclusion, it seems ridiculous to me that a woman, simply because she is the wife of a knight, should be styled "Lady," whilst other women, both good and great, are ignored, at any rate so far as knighthood goes. The tragedy of Miss Florence Nightingale must not be repeated. Take the matter into your own hands.—Yours, &c.,

ROBSON PAIGE.

A FIRST-RATE IDEA

To the Editors of *VOTES FOR WOMEN*.

Dear Editors,—I have recently been in communication with the Salford Libraries Committee re the acceptance of copies of *VOTES FOR WOMEN* and *The Suffragette*, to be placed in the different branch reading rooms, and I am glad to say they have now agreed to accept copies of each paper. There are nine branch libraries in Salford. Would any of your readers subscribe the cost of placing a copy weekly in one or more of these branches? As I cannot afford to send a year's subscription (in a lump sum) for *VOTES FOR WOMEN*, I propose to order copies through my news-agent and post them on to the libraries myself. Thus it will only amount to a small sum each week. I shall supply copies of each paper to four of the branches, and I hope that readers will make it possible to supply a copy to all of the nine branches. Below I give the addresses of the branches to which a copy can be sent.—Yours faithfully,

FREDERICK J. BAILEY.

8, Birch Street, Hightown, Manchester.

Greengate Branch Library, Salford, Manchester.

Branch Library, Gardner Street, Pendleton, Salford.

Charlestown Branch Reading Rooms, Whit Lane, Pendleton, Salford.

Branch Library, Cemetery Road, Weaste, Salford.

Branch Library, King Street, Irlams o' th' Height, Salford.

Chapter 8

Washing Wears Away Clothes

faster than ordinary use.

That is, washing in the old way—rubbing and scrubbing.

Try this plan—rub the clothes with Fels-Naptha and then let them soak for half an hour in cold or lukewarm water. In that half-hour the Fels-Naptha will loosen the dirt more than all your scrubbing. Then rinse in cold water with just a little rub to get out the loosened dirt.

That doesn't wear away the clothes, does it?

But it makes them whiter and sweeter than the old way.

Fels-Naptha, 29, Wilson Street, London E.C.

TO THE READERS!

In view of the specially large number of firms who have favoured us with their advertisements in our Christmas Number I ask readers of the paper to make a point of doing all their Christmas shopping with firms represented in the columns of "Votes for Women." Support those who support us!

THE ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER.

COMING EVENTS

There will be Votes for Women Fellowship meetings at:-

Philosophical Hall, Leeds, on December 12, at 8 p.m. Speakers: Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and Mrs. Cather. Chair: Walter Dodgson, Esq.

A Drawing-Room Meeting at Mrs. Jopling Rowe's house, Kensington, on December 11, at 8 p.m. Speaker: Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. Invitation cards from Miss Morrison, 11, Addison Mansions, Blythe Road, W.

An Exhibition of Women's Work in all branches and a Sale of Arts, Crafts and Industries is being held at the 200 Buildings, Glasgow, from December 1 to 13. Particulars from J. M. Freer, Esq., 90, Ludgate Hill, E.C., or Miss F. L. Fuller, 63, New Bond Street, W.

There will be performances at the Woman's Theatre (The Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill Gate), under the direction of the Actresses' Franchise League, every evening from December 8 to 13, and in the afternoon on December 10 and 13.

The Jewish League will hold a meeting at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on December 8, at 8.30 p.m. Speaker: Mrs. Merivale Mayer.

The Church League for Women's Suffrage announce a Public Meeting at the Church House, Westminster, on December 9, at 8 p.m. Chair: The Bishop of Kensington. Speakers: Mrs. Greighton, Rev. Canon Masterman, and Rev. F. M. Green.

The New Constitutional Society will hold a meeting at the N.O.S. Hall, Park Mansions Arcade, on December 9, at 8 p.m. Speakers: Miss I. O. Ford, Mrs. Cecil Chapman, and Miss Jean Forsyth.

At the International Women's Franchise Club, on December 10, at 8.30 p.m., Miss Margaret Bondfield will speak on "Motherhood and Society."

The Men's Political Union will hold a meeting at the Battersea Town Hall on December 11, at 8 p.m. Speakers: Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Mr. John Sourr, and others. The Union are arranging a private variety entertainment at Cosmopolis, 121, High Holborn, on December 10, at 8 p.m. Particulars obtainable from Mrs. Duval, 18, Harrington Road, S.W.

At the Suffrage Club, on December 12, at 8.30 p.m., Miss Evelyn Sharp will speak on "The Meaning of Militancy." Chair: H. W. Nevinston, Esq.

The International Suffrage Shop is holding a Book Exhibition every day from 10-8 until December 24. Suffragists are invited to visit it.

GREAT FORCIBLE FEEDING PROTEST MEETING OF CLERGY

A mass meeting to protest against forcible feeding has been organised by the London clergy, and will be held at the large Queen's Hall to-night (Friday), at 8 p.m. The chair will be taken by the Bishop of Kensington, and the speakers will be Archbishop Keble, Rev. Lewis Donaldson, Canon Simpson, Rev. P. A. Lacey, Sir Victor Horsley, and Mr. Mansell Moullin. At least 200 clergy will be present, and the orchestra has been reserved for them, and will be looked upon as part of the platform. The Bishops of Lincoln, Leicester, Guildford, and Glasgow, and 500 clergy have sent in their names in support of the meeting.

The hall will be open to men and women. The tickets—5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s.—are obtainable from the National Political League, 14, St. James's Street, S.W. There will also be free seats.

NEW LEAFLET BY MRS. LAWRENCE

A new leaflet by Mrs. Pethick Lawrence will shortly be ready. In response to a large number of requests, Mrs. Lawrence's "Open Letter to the Bishop of London," which appeared in Votes for Women (November 21), is being published in leaflet form, price 1s. per 100, or 7s. 6d. per 1,000 post free. Will those who wish to buy this leaflet send their orders to the Business Secretary, Votes for Women Fellowship, 4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.?

BENDUBLE SHOES

The Benduble Shoe Co., 443, West Strand, W.C., make a great speciality of women's indoor shoes, and these, as the name suggests, are absolutely pliable. The shoes are suitable for "ward" wear, as it is impossible for them to squeak, and they prevent the feet from becoming tired. All Benduble boots and shoes are made of the best British materials, are hand sewn, and are stocked with medium or higher heels, and with narrow or wide toes. The price charged is essentially moderate.



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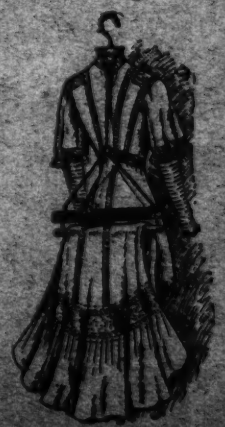


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All advertisements must be prepaid. To ensure insertion in our next issue, all advertisements must be received not later than Tuesday afternoon. Address, the Advertisement Manager, VOTES FOR WOMEN, 47, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

NEXT SUNDAY'S SERVICES

ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, W. December 7, 11, Mr. Delisle Burns, "The Truth of Poetry"; 7, Dr. Coit, "Florence Nightingale: The New Revelation of Womanliness."

NEW THOUGHT CHURCH.—11.15, at Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street. Speaker: Miss Muriel Brown. 7.15, at 78, Edgware Road. Miss Louie Ellis.

ST. MARY-AT-HILL.—Church Army Church, Eastcheap. Sundays, 9 and 6, views, orchestra, band. Prebendary Carlile.

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PLAYS, DUOLOGUES, MONOLOGUES, dealing with all phases of the Woman's Movement, 3d. and 6d. For drawing-rooms, platforms, or stage purposes. Descriptive list (2d.) post free on application. Actresses' Franchise League, 2, Robert Street, Adelphi.

ADA MOORE'S Pupils' Song Recital, Criterion, Piccadilly, Wednesday, December 10, at 3. For particulars address 106, Beaufort Mansions, S.W.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE MEETINGS.

JEWISH LEAGUE FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—Lecture at Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, December 8, at 8.30. Mrs. Merivale Mayer; chair, Mrs. Auerbach. "Woman Suffrage in Other Lands." Tickets, Miss Mildred Marsden, 82, Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.

NEW CONSTITUTIONAL SOCIETY FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—Tuesday, December 9, 3 p.m., in the New Constitutional Hall, Park Mansions Arcade. Miss I. O. Ford. "What Working Women are thinking about the Vote." Mrs. Cecil Chapman, Miss Jean Forsyth.

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S FRANCHISE CLUB, 9, Grafton Street, W. Wednesday, December 10, 3.30. Club tea; "Motherhood and Society." Miss Margaret Bondfield. Hostess, Miss Shephards.

THE WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE will hold a Christmas Presents Sale at Caxton Hall, Wednesday, December 10, at 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. 3.30, speech by H. Bailie Weaver, Esq., on "Male Cant about Female Violence." Chair, Mrs. Mustard. 4.30, tea. Exhibition "Tango dancing; orchestral music all the time. Admission, 6d.

LEAGUE OF JUSTICE.—At Home at the Offices, 22, South Molton Street, W. Thursday, December 11, 3 p.m., Miss Gwyneth Chapman on "The New Militancy." Tea, 6d. Hostess, Mrs. Ireland. Come and bring friends.

LEAGUE OF JUSTICE.—Join the League and strengthen the New Militancy. Particulars of membership from Hon. Organising Secretary, 22, South Molton Street, W.

BIRTHS

FORRESTER.—November 23, to Lillian and Stephen Frederick Forrester, 45, Grosvenor Road, Whalley Range, Manchester, a son (Stephen).

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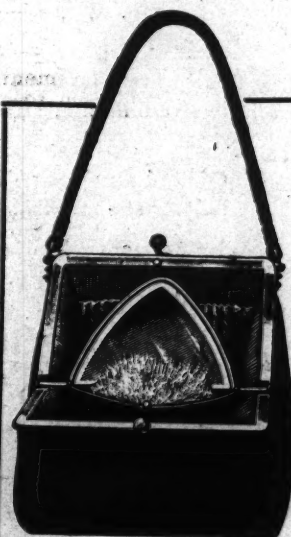
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